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Wm Bronscombe 2020

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A Trip Into Zululand

(The Rev. Fred R. Bunker, of Umvote, in 'Missionary Herald.')

The province of Zululand lies north of Natal, from which it is separated by the Tugela River. Many Zulus from Natal have settled in Zululand, and as my station of Umvote is the nearest to that province, the churches and schools of the district are made a part of my change. Let me tell you of a trip I have made to Impapala, one of the Zululand stations, twenty-two miles north-west of Eshowe. From the last point on the railway it is eighteen miles to Eshowe, which I made upon my wheel, including a climb of 1,000 feet. The town rested like an eagle on her nest, far up in the air. A young man at the hotel told me it was 'Like heaven, high up and hard to climb.'

The next morning dawned gloriously, and I was off early across the plains, which used to be the pasture grounds of the myriad herds of the famous African kings. They are like a great inland sea of lawns and meadows, with banks of bluff, blue mountains. A whirl over the plain, a pull up the mountain, and I stop on a knoll and feast my eyes on as glorious a landscape as I ever saw. Little herds of twenty or fifty cattle now dot the plain where thousands used to roam. An old heathen man passing by is very genial in replying to questions and giving reminiscences of the days when from this very knoll Dabulamanzi watched the herds of the king. 'Yes, it is a beautiful country, our home; but is the white man going to eat it up?' The Zulus were looking with suspicious eyes on those little red and white flags which mark the course of the surveying parties in the land.

More climbing, a stiff pull in the sun, and then a rest at Entumeni mission station, 1,000 feet above Eshowe. Here Norway's sons and daughters have labored many years to give the gospel to the Zulus. Ten miles more to Impapala, and we go over broad, rolling acres, between the giant hills. There on the further slope of the valley are the long lines of wattle trees which mark the white man's residence in Natal. What white settlement can be here? Is that Fort Yolland, which is near Impapala? I call a little herder boy and ask where Impapala lies. He points to the trees. 'Do white people live in those houses?' 'No, the believers live there.' Can it be that the Christian kaffir—the conceited, the lazy, the vile, according to all popular reports—has developed into an enterprising farmer? Yes, that 'is' Impapala.

I am directed to the home of Mr. Plant Mcanyana, the preacher in charge of the station. A warm welcome meets me, for the preacher and the teacher are both old friends. My comfort is immediately the law of the household. My room is a sod hut, with a thatch roof and clay floor. The bed is clean and comfortable, with white counterpane and embroidered pillows. A table with tasty spread, good chairs, a sewing machine, and pictures (mostly advertisements) on the walls make up the furniture in part. There are skins on the floors for rugs. Taste and neatness are evident everywhere. I suspect immediately that Daisy, Plant's daughter, has given up her room to me. A good hot supper soon comes steaming onto the table. I have been commiserated several times while on the way up that I must 'live with the kaffirs for a whole week.' But my bed is a hundred percent better than that for which I paid a half crown in 'the best hotel in Eshowe,' and my supper reminds me that Daisy was in the kitchen at Inanda, where visitors from four continents never complain of their fare.

After supper Plant takes me to see his garden and orchard. Here are orange, lemon, guava, mango, loquat, and peach

trees, and one very precious cherry tree from America. Six years he has been here, and he is justly proud of the fruits of his industry. His house is a tumble-down affair because he has no money to build another. Ten dollars a month and a large family do not fill the purse. He is cutting stones for the walls of a new house, in faith that the iron for the roof will come.

The day closes with family prayers, at which the whole household gathers. Here is a man born in the densest heathenism, gathering his family about the altar of the Most High God, and teaching his own household the pure gospel of God's Son. The institution of the Christian home is here in its purity, with its tremendous power for good.

Here about us are the homes and farms of the men who, leaving our mission stations in Natal and striking out for themselves, have established a Christian Zulu civilization far out in this surrounding heathenism. Sixteen years ago three men began to build here. They had been immersed in heathenism. There was a good chance to revert to heathenism, if they wished. They had no church, no school, no preacher, no missionary to say them nay. But they brought with them a knowledge and love for the institutions of Christianity which had so recently been given to them by the American missionaries. The word of God, the Christian home, with its one wife and family altar, the assembly of believers on the Lord's Day, the Christian school—these were all transplanted with them to their new home.

The church bell rings and we start for the morning service. The church, recently built by the people themselves, is made of bricks, with iron roof, and will seat between two and three hundred people. The bricks were moulded and laid and the roof made by Zulu workmen. One of our Amanzimtote boys did the woodwork, and did it well. Such a monument to Christian growth among the Zulus does one's heart good. As we pass along, a kiln of bricks is pointed out which the school children have just made to build a schoolhouse and a teacher's house, near the church.

The seats are not yet made, and the people for the most part sit on the floor. But here you have as orderly an assembly of worshippers as you will find anywhere. Their dresses and manners are not Parisian, but they are Christian, which is better. I enjoyed preaching to them as much as I ever did to a cultured American audience, and I believe that the Spirit of God was there as manifestly as in any great cathedral, if not more so.

In a short time we are on the way to Emadidima. It is a sharp walk of five miles. The preacher and the teacher accompany me. Here, too, is the teacher of the Emadidima school, a little woman whose face is familiar to me as an Inanda girl. Lutayi, the deacon who preaches there, also joins us. He is one of the pioneers, a godly man. The little wattle and daub house, used for school and church, lies nestling close under the brow of a hill. One ragged chart and chalk-marks on the board shutters show to what straits the teacher is put for lack of school supplies. A little company, partly heathen, gathers, and the word of God is preached to them very simply from John i., 12. This nice-faced young man and Lutayi, the deacon, have supported the school here for two years with no help. Emadidima means 'staggering under a load too heavy to carry.' They are in that condition, and I promise them one-half the support of their teacher if they will keep on.

Monday, Zwelibanzi, the teacher at Impapala, and I go on horseback to Otandweni, fifteen miles down the Tugela. It is a hard but pleasant ride.

At Otandweni, some time ago, a native doctor (not a wizard) became interested in Christianity, and employed Daisy, Plant's daughter, to teach his children. She witnessed for Christ as well as taught. He clothed his family, permitted his wives to become Christians, and built a chapel of stone with his own hands. He was build-

ing a preacher's house when he died. His death was a severe blow to the work. The school is now closed, and when I reached the place I found his wives in great trouble. His brother, his heir, had come from Natal to claim them as 'his' wives and to take them back to heathenism. They resisted, but he had brought a witch doctor to 'doctor' them, so that they would consent. The women summoned the man before me. The man was terribly angry. 'You are my goods, my things. You are the property of my father who bought you, and I have inherited you, and what right have you to refuse to let me do what I want to with my own?' The women ask God's people to pray for them and their children.

The next day Plant, the preacher, and I go down the valley to Daniel, the Msutu's kraal. This is a man of great influence in the region. He is the chief counsellor of Ihashi, the chief of the region. As a boy he came from Basutoland, and was for a time at a mission station in Maritzburg. Leaving there he wandered to this place. He has four wives, a large kraal, and evidently goes into all heathen practices. How different his history from that of this good man, Plant. But he is coming under Plant's influence, and has a desire for better things for himself and his family. Our talk is turned to Christian things, and some good straight talk is given. We then go home over the beautiful hills. On the next day I start for home, and find it easier riding a bicycle down hill than up.

Two things impressed me deeply on my visit. First, the fact so vividly demonstrated here that the truth keeps its grip on the Zulus when their environments would all tend to cause them to revert back to heathenism. Second, that they have the power of initiative in Christian service. This power, with the Spirit of God to quicken it, means much for Africa.

Christ and Charity.

We would urge opponents of Christianity to consider for a few moments what the condition of our large cities would be without those noble organizations for the relief of want and suffering which are the direct fruit of the teachings and influence of the Divine Redeemer. Even many Christians have but a limited knowledge of what some of those institutions do to reduce the sum of back-street misery. Mr. Sydney Holland, the Chairman of the London Hospital, Whitechapel, recently stated that last year 13,160 in-patents, and 162,147 out-patients, and 3,500 children were treated, the expenditure being £300 a day, or £12 10s. per minute. He added:

'If the people were placed in a line, and a man started on his bicycle at a quarter past three to go along that line, he would not get past them until a quarter past nine; sixty-six miles of people standing closely side by side.'

Those who sneer at the Christian faith may reasonably be asked, What would have been the lot of that huge army of suffering men, women and children if it had not been for that practical obedience to the commands of Christ which underlies so large a proportion of modern philanthropy?—'The Christian.'

The Chicago Theatre Fire.

('Northwestern Christian Advocate.')

In October, 1871, the city of Chicago was the scene of the most widespread and, so far as the loss of property was concerned, the most destructive fire in the history of America. On Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 30, the same city was the scene of the most destructive fire, so far as the loss of life is concerned, in the history of America. The first fire swept over several miles of territory, consuming thousands of buildings as if they were paper and destroying, perhaps, 200 lives. The last fire was confined to the interior of a building not more than fifty yards square, and the flames and smoke were unseen beyond the walls. Yet in that small compass perished nearly six hundred human beings, and three hundred others were injured, many so seriously that they will die.

This dreadful horror resulted from the burning of the Iroquois theatre during a performance of the play 'Mr. Blue Beard.' The nature of the play and the fact that the new Iroquois theatre, which had cost about $2,000,000, was described as the finest structure of the kind in the country, had made the play a sort of 'fad' of the day. The 'children's holiday matinee' for Wednesday afternoon had been extensively advertised and parents were urged to bring the children. The place was thronged with women and children from Chicago and near-by cities, standing room even in the third or highest gallery being all taken. Among the features of the play were representations of fairies. While one of these was to appear to fly through the air, all the lights in the theatre were turned out, while the bright rays from an arc light gave the effect of a moonlight scene. Suddenly the flimsy hangings over the stage were seen to be ablaze. An effort was made to lower the asbestos curtain, but it was unsuccessful. The entire auditorium was soon ablaze. The upper part of the building was filled with gas, which ignited, consuming the oxygen in the air, and in all probability instantly suffocated many in the second and third galleries before they were able to leave their seats and thus saved them from the agony of a death by fire. Panic seized the audience, and a rush was made for the exits. There were said to be more than twenty of these, but nearly all were locked or fastened. In the rush for the narrow exits at the front and rear some stumbled and fell and others piled on top of them, until it is said that in some parts of the building the rescuers found the bodies six and eight deep. Men, women and children climbed over the heads of tangled masses of people, and thus escaped. Of the audience scarcely one-half escaped alive or uninjured. Several entire families perished, while of others the mother and all the children were killed. Such a calamity this country has never before known. In almost an instant a number of human beings representing a town of a thousand inhabitants was taken out of life. Thousands mourn the loss of loved ones and scarcely a household but has lost a friend. This is especially true of the school-children of Chicago and its suburbs, one or more of whose teachers (34 of whome were killed), companions or acquaintances are among the victims.

In striking contrast with the cowardice and incompetency of the employes of the theatre was the courage and presence of mind of a number of children. Among these were two little boys of ten or twelve years of age, who, when they saw there was no chance of escape with the crowd, got down on the floor and, the space being too shallow to crawl on their hands and knees, wriggled their way under the seats to an opening and got out. Never have those heroic servants of the public, the firemen and policemen, displayed greater courage and faithfulness to their trust than in their efforts to rescue the living and remove the dead. Many lives were saved at the risk of their own. Many citizens, among them Bishop Fallows, entered the burning building and assisted in the work of rescue. Among those who deserve praise was a little unknown newsboy, who, after helping a little girl, from whose body nearly all the clothing had been torn in the mad scramble, gallantly took off his overcoat and wrapped it all around her. Physicians and nurses were prompt and tireless in their service.

One of the most wonderful acts of heroism was that of a little boy fourteen years of age, Byram Green, son of A. W. Green, chairman of the board of directors of the National Biscuit Company. Little Byram first guided his mother's party to safety through the struggling throng of frenzied people fighting fiercely in the aisles, and then, though half-suffocated and dazed by the merciless buffeting in the crowd, he fought his way back through flame and smoke and deadly gas and carried and dragged to safety a helpless little girl who was in his mother's party. 'I was not brave,' he said, to a reporter of the 'Inter Ocean,' 'I was scared to death. I had to help mamma. I was not able to do much, but I stayed near her. I saw Lester fall under the seat when the flames came out. I knew she would die unless someone helped her. So I went back. Oh, it was awful! I shut my eyes and tried not to breathe, for the air seemed to be on fire and burned my throat. I stepped over a lot of people who were dead, I think. The seats were on fire, and when I caught hold to keep from falling I burned my hands. In front of me everything seemed to be blazing, and I was afraid it would get to where we had been sitting before I could get there. I wanted to turn back and run away from it, but I could see little Lester lying under the seat and I could not leave her there. I fell over something, I think it was a woman. She did not move, and I was scared. I could not breathe. I looked around. All I could see were the backs of the people fighting like mad at the doors. The flames seemed to be everywhere, and when I saw where I was I got sick. Then I reached Lester. I remember dragging her up the aisle. Through the smoke I saw a door where the crowd was not very big. We got through between the seats. They were hot and burned us. I fell down when we got outside and felt glad. Oh, how glad I was!' This brave boy was himself terribly burned.

Friday was to Chicago the saddest New Year's day in American history. Sorrow, like a pall, rested over the city. A smile was rarely seen upon the face of adult or child. The anguish of those who had lost loved ones and had recovered their bodies, terrible as that anguish was, did

not equal the woe of those who had not found the bodies of those they loved and might never find them, for they were past identification. Many of the victims were buried on Friday. Whole families were carried to the grave, not in one hearse, but in two, three and four hearses, and in a great many cases in the undertakers' 'black waggon.' Saturday was a day of universal mourning, and Sunday was devoted to the memory of the dead. In nearly every church, Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jewish was sung the well-known hymn, 'Lead, Kindly Light.' Terribly stricken is the city of Chicago. The gloom which now rests upon the city will pass away, but the horror of this dreadful disaster will haunt the hearts and homes of hundreds for a generation. Out of this calamity it is hoped may come more respectful obedience to the laws of God and man. Every public building in which people assemble should be rendered not only fireproof, but sufficient and easy exits afforded for the quick escape of all who may be in them.

It will be a matter of deep regret to the church that two ministers and some esteemed laymen were victims of the dreadful catastrophe. They were in the theatre. We cannot judge their motives, but we sincerely regret the fact. The church will be doubly grieved—grieved because of the death of those it loved and grieved because of the manner and place of their death. The lessons of this sad calamity are for the living, not the dead. 'Let your lights be burning. . . Be ye, therefore, ready also, for the son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not.'

WILLIE M'LAUGHLIN—A HERO.

Among those who displayed special heroism in connection with the Iroquois theatre fire was Willie McLaughlin, son of the Rev. Dr. William P. McLaughlin, pastor of the First Methodist Church, Buenos Ayres, South America. Willie was a student in the Ohio Wesleyan University. He had come to Chicago to attend the wedding of his cousin, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, pastor of the Central Church, and president of the Armour Institute. Willie had spent Tuesday night with friends in Evanston. He returned to Chicago on Wednesday morning, went to the home of his aunt, Mrs. Gunsaulus, and after attending to several errands for her, said he would go down town for a while and see the city. Willie happened to pass the theatre, and recalling the fact that this was the place in which his uncle was to begin holding services the next Sunday and, out of curiosity, he entered. He found standing-room in the extreme end of one of the galleries. When the fire broke out he was near the entrance to the rear fire-escape. The calciminer who threw the ladder across the space between the fire-escape and the Northwestern university building states that young McLaughlin could have been the first to escape, but that he refused to go and assisted in the escape of seventeen women and children. The flames then came rushing through the doorway; his clothes caught fire and he was severely burned. He was taken into Northwestern University and laid in a room in which were a number of others severely injured. When the physicians reached him they found his face scorched terribly, his hair burned entirely off, his hands burned almost to a crisp, his legs and body scorched and he was injured internally. Suffering as he was, he begged the doctors to attend first to the women and children around him who were shrieking in their agony. To a reporter who reached him soon after he was rescued, he told who he was and said feebly: 'Tell Dr. Gunsaulus where I am, please, as soon as possible, and hurry up the ambulance, because I know that I am going to die. I am nearly burned up, and somehow or other I feel that my life is going out. I want to go to the Presbyterian hospital.' There he died Friday night. He was a noble, lovable boy. He was a hero as truly as anyone whose name has ever found a place in the pages of heroic history.

A HEROIC ELEVATOR BOY.

The elevator boy, Robert Smith, stuck to his post, and by his coolness saved many lives. On his second trip up with the elevator young Robert Smith ascended into an atmosphere that was so thick with the smoke that he could not see nor breathe. He found Miss Reed on the sixth floor and then took on another load of girls from the fifth. By the time he had come down with these, the flames and smoke were threatening the men in the chain. Nevertheless they threw the girls out and waited for the third load. This load came near not arriving. The smoke was so thick that Smith had to find the girls and drag them into the elevator and by the time he had done this he was almost overcome. The elevator was burning at the place where the controller was located, and Smith had to place his left hand in the flame to start the car. The hand was badly burned, but the car was started and came down in time for the girls to receive assistance from the men who were waiting. When the last girl was out the men left the building.

'I stuck to the car until the ropes parted,' said young Smith, 'and then I began to get faint. Someone reached in and pulled me out just in time to save my life. The larger part of the girls were in the dressing-room when the fire broke out, and they all tried to get out at once. A great many tried to crowd into the elevator, and it was hard work to keep it going. I made as many trips as I could, I guess.'

The Need of The Hour.

In nearly all churches there are problems of skepticisms, weak faith, indifference and inactivity in Christian service clamoring for solution. In most congregations there are persons who dislike a positive gospel. They do not quite believe in man's lost estate, in the necessity of forgiveness through a crucified Saviour, or regeneration through the agency of the Holy Spirit. With many the form of so-called sound words has lost its effectiveness. The chief need of to-day is that this condition of things should be removed, for, while certain changes in expression may be necessary, truth has not changed. Man is still a sinner. He cannot gain eternal life apart from the aid of the Holy Spirit. Apprehensions of truth, and even of the nature of the work of the Saviour, may not always remain the same, but Jesus Christ himself is the same, yesterday, to-day and forever. Believers to-day ought to be better able to present him to their fellowmen than those who lived in the sixteenth or in the eighteenth century. Every year brings new witnesses to his power and grace. His promises to give the spirit to those who ask for him are verified before our eyes. We can no more deny this than we can deny the ordinary experiences of daily life. This gift of the Spirit can bring new life to the churches, and it is needed to-day as no other. Skepticism cannot be met by argument or counter assertion. Spiritual power alone can overthrow it. It cannot survive in a spiritual atmosphere. Neither can indifference, nor so-called Christian inactivity.—'Congregationalist.'

The Steward's Reward.

Christian stewardship has its final issue in the reckoning before him for whom men have been stewards. The wage-earner and the millionaire, the one who had the least committed to him and the one who had the most, each must stand before the judgment seat of Christ and have their gettings and their givings, their accumulations and their expenditures, their motives and their methods, brought under the searching scrutiny of him whose eyes are as a flame of fire. All wrong ways of getting money, all fraud and dishonesty and oppression, together with all wrong ways of using and spending money will be laid bare in that day. All withholding from God, all selfishness and covetousness, all wastefulness and extravagance, all spending of money to gratify pride or sensual desires, will be seen in the light of the eternal throne, and no cloak of respectability or religiousness, no paltry excuse, such as is so often made by those who do not give, will be able to conceal or extenuate any blemish or flaw in any man's stewardship. Every man will be rewarded according as his works have been.

On the other hand, all diligence and fidelity in the service of God as his stewards, all getting and giving for God's glory, all prayerfulness and consecration, all unselfishness and liberality and self-sacrifice, whether by those who have had little, or by those who had much, will be remembered by the Lord of those servants.

Blessed indeed shall those stewards be to whom it shall be said when the King shall come to reckon with them: 'Well done, good and faithful servant: thou wast faithful over a little, I have set thee over much; enter into the joy of thy Lord.'—The Rev. C. A. Cook.

Postal Crusade.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the sum of one dollar and forty-eight cents from a friend to missions, payment for two copies 'Northern Messenger' to Pastor M. Cornelius, Agraharam, India.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Dorothy's Charge

(Lizzie De Armond, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Up in the 'sky parlor,' as they always call it, sat Dorothy Gray, painting pansies upon dainty little cards.

The sun shone so brightly in the two small windows that the canary woke from his nap and sang as if he would pour out his life in the joyous trills. The little black kettle on the stove added its mite to the chorus—louder and louder grew the 'bubble, bubble,' until the brass lid hopped up and down as if playing an accompaniment to the song.

Ah! the fall winds might blow lustily without, but they could not drive away the summer of contentment within.

Grandma had been dozing in her chair, but now she aroused from her dreams, rocking to and fro she sang in her quavering voice, 'A charge to keep I have.' The paint brush was laid aside, and Dorothy knelt by the old lady, softly caressing her wrinkled, toil-worn hands.

'Grannie, dear,' she said, 'what makes you sing that hymn so much? The words keep ringing through my head all the time, but I do not think the Lord ever intended me to have a charge, I am so foolish and make so many mistakes.'

'Ah! girlie,' replied the old lady, 'I love that blessed hymn, every word of it; our Father gives each one of us a charge to keep, but in our blindness and heedlessness we too often fail to find it.'

'That smoke again!' cried Dorothy, with a ring of impatience in her voice; 'I think those people across the hall must have a daily bonfire; I'm going over to investigate.'

Rap, tap, tap, there was a scramble and rustle, then a muffled voice called, 'Come in!' On the floor, with a big smudge of soot on her face, sat a young girl vainly trying to stuff up the cracks in an old stove. The smoke poured forth in volumes, and Dorothy was obliged to rush to the open window to ease her smarting eyes.

As soon as she could regain her breath she said, 'We are neighbors and really I have been intending to visit you for a long time, but I am so timid about meeting strangers.'

'So am I,' responded the girl on the floor; 'I'm Polly Williams, at your service, ma'am,' dropping a quaint little curtesy 'and if you could show me how to doctor this unruly stove, you would receive the blessing of the entire family.

'Whenever the wind blows down the chimney, the smoke just pours through these cracks. Rather than bother with it I'd eat cold victuals all the time, but mother comes home from the store so tired she must have something hot, and then there's poor Benny.'

'Where is Bennie?' queried Dorothy. Polly pointed to the bed, where from a roll of blankets peeped two big solemn looking blue eyes and a thin white face.

'Come out of your burrow, you queer little dormouse!' cried Dorothy, in coaxing tones. 'Run across the hall to my warm room; there's a bright fire in the grate, a lovely yellow canary and the sweetest, dearest grandma in the whole world.'

'Bennie has not walked for months,' said Polly, from the depths of the roller towel, where she was drying her face and hands; 'he fell down those crooked stairs and has to be carried about like a baby.'

'Oh, you darling!' cooed Dorothy, giving the child a loving little hug, then lifting him very tenderly in her strong young arms she bore him to her sunny room and laid him on the wide soft lounge.

'Grannie, dear,' she cried, exultingly, 'I have found my charge, and it was all on account of that smoky stove.'

Back to her neighbor went the girl, the wind had changed and the troublesome smoke was sailing up the chimney in true orthodox fashion. After a careful investigation she remarked, in professional tones, 'Ashes and salt and flour, ma'am, mixed into a stiff paste by the addition of water, and temporary relief will be obtained.'

The cracks were soon plastered up, then Polly threw her arms around Dorothy and smiling up in her face, said: 'You do not know the good your visit has done us. I have felt so friendless and discouraged for the past few weeks, everything seemed to go wrong, yet I am a King's daughter and ought to know better.'

'How lovely,' cried Dorothy, 'I am one, too, and we'll work together if you are willing'; then they kissed each other and had a confidential little chat about things in general.

Suddenly Polly started up, 'What will your grandma think of me,' she said, 'for leaving Bennie all this time! Mother will be home in a few minutes, too.'

'You must take tea with me to-night,' replied Dorothy, 'tell mother so and do come early.'

Slipping across the hall, she found grandma telling Bennie a wonderful story about the chickens and the ducks in her childhood's home. He was snuggled up close to her, while she smoothed his pretty yellow curls, just as she had Dorothy's brown ones years and years ago.

'Let me whisper in your ear, Grannie, dear!' said the girl, 'I have found my charge, and I want to celebrate the occasion by a tea party with the neighbors across the way as our guests. Can I?'

'Scatter the sunbeams while you may, girlie,' replied grandma. 'He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.'

Hastily throwing on her warm wrap, the young girl, basket in hand, hurried to the store. 'I must be a little extravagant just for this once,' she told herself, 'but I'll paint an extra lot of cards to make up for it.'

I cannot begin to tell you what a haven of rest that bright, cozy room seemed to the neighbors across the hall. The tea kettle sang, and grandma's warm welcome put a little song of gladness in everyone's heart.

Not only on this day, but on many never-to-be-forgotten days, was Bennie spirited away into Dorothy's 'sky parlor,' where lying on the woolly rug by the fire he drew and painted impossible pictures, hummed cheery bits of song to himseld, and dreamed happy dreams that were never realized, till he joined the white-robed throng of children 'around the throne of God in heaven.'

Many, many charges did Dorothy find among the numerous neighbors who lived in the big tenement house, and though her hands were busy earning her daily bread, she always had time to share the burdens of those who, perhaps, in the eyes of men were of small account, but, oh, so dear to the heart of the loving Father.

Broader and deeper grew Dorothy's life as she stooped to serve, until it was a perpetual song, brave, tender, cheery and true and the burden of it was,'A charge to keep I have, a God to glorify.'

Tested

(Charles H. Dorris, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

'Here is a letter, father,' and sixteen-year-old John stood by the invalid's chair while the father read:

'Dear Nephew John:—There is an opening in my store for a lad of about your size, and I would be very glad for you to fill it. Of course it's down at the bottom at first, but if you prove true to the Smalley blood in your veins you will not stay there long. I should like to have you write me that you can report for duty on the morning of the 15th. Give my love to father and mother, and tell them that I am coming out to see them some time during the summer. Trusting to receive a favorable answer from you, I remain, your loving uncle, Samuel Smalley.'

For a moment the two looked into each other's eyes, and then the father said:

'It's very good of brother Samuel to give you this chance, and I shall be glad for you to accept it, although we shall miss you at home. Here, mother, here is a letter to our boy from brother Samuel.'

The mother read, and looked troubled. 'But how can we let him go? So young, too, and not used to city life, where there is so much to pull a fellow down. I believe you had better write that we do not think it best yet for John to leave home. Don't you, father?'

The father thought for a moment, and then replied:

'No, I do not think that way. The lad has gone as high as the schools here can take him, and we cannot send him away to college, and here is an opening such as may never come to him again. I think he would better accept it.'

'But think how young our boy is, and the many temptations of the city,' said the mother.

The father looked thoughtfully at the eager, pleading face of the boy, and then answered: 'Mother, we can trust our boy.'

And so the lad went, and on the afternoon of the 14th the uncle met him at the station.

'John,' said Mr. Smalley, after the first greetings were over, 'I want you to begin at the bottom in more ways than one. I'm not going to take you at first to my own home to board, but to a cheap, yet respectable boarding house, so that you may know how, in a measure, the thousands of city lads have to rough it. Now report for duty by seven o'clock in the morning, and Sunday we shall expect you to take breakfast with us and stay all day. Fred is almost wild to see you.'

Three months later John was tasting all the bitterness of a lonely, lonesome, home-

sick boy's life. Since the first Sunday the uncle had barely recognized him. His work in the store was basement work, musty and dispiriting. His lodging house was not inspiriting, and was in the district where 'Rooms to Rent,' 'Meals at 15 Cents,' and 'Boarding by the Day or Week' was much in evidence. One evening a fellow lodger asked him to go down to the 'Hespatia.'

'It's a fine place, good music, and such cosy corners where we can sit and have our light refreshments. Come on, John, and I'll stand the treat. It's perfectly proper. The Euclid avenue fellows all go there.'

John went, and at the first sight was entranced. The 'Hespatia' was like a palace in its appointments, a place of enchantment to a boy just out from a cheap seven-by-nine boarding room. They took a table in an out of the way place where they could see and hear, but not be very much noticed. Then John looked around, and his face clouded. He saw wine, and he had been taught: 'Look not upon the wine when it is red.' He then heard the introduction to a song by a brilliant player on a grand concert piano. And then he heard the song. The soloist was a fine tenor, and never before had John heard such masterful singing. But oh, the words! For the world he would not have his mother hear them. And then came the conflict. 'Would such a place hurt him? It was a place of beauty. Ah, but beauty sometimes leads down to death,' he then thought, 'and this is no place for me.'

'Frank,' said he to his companion, 'I must go away from here. This is no place for me.'

'And why?' asked Frank.

'Because father said to mother before I came away from home that "he could trust his boy." And this, Frank, is no place in which to be trusted.'

That's so,' replied Frank, after a moment's thought, and then his face flushed. 'I've got a mother and father, too, back in the hills, and it would almost kill them if they knew the way I am going. I'll get out of here with you, and then go the other way after this.'

When outside, Frank suddenly stopped. 'I say, John,' he said, 'when we started I was the one to stand treat, but, instead, you are doing it; and a far better treat than the one I planned. I tell, you, John, you'll get a nice letter from my father and mother one of these days for the stand you took, for I am going to write them all about it.'

The next morning the fellow who had been shadowing John for the past two months made his report to Mr. Smalley.

'If you could have seen and heard what I did last night,' he said. 'When a lad in the 'Hespatia' says to his friend that "his father is trusting his boy," and that "this is no place for me," and then the friend begins to talk about his own father and mother, and then the two lads leave the place saying to each other that "after this they will live a better life," then I say that you can trust them.'

'And that is just what I say,' replied Mr. Smalley. 'Your report gives me more joy than you may think for. And now if you will go and send the two lads here, for I have got places higher up for them.'

A few days later John received a happy, tear-stained letter from his own father, and also one from the father and mother of his friend. What tender, joyful, loving letters they were. And John to himself said over and over again after reading them, 'It pays to do right.'

A Unique Food.

A new kind of food is being served on the tables of the palatial hotels in Southern California—to wit, the egg of the gigantic ostrich. Ostrich egg omelet is not a very common dish, at this writing, on these tables or elsewhere in America, but every now and then an egg is sent from the Pasadena ostrich farm, to vary the sumptuous menu that invariably appears for the delectation of the luxurious guest. While a great novelty in California, still the eating of ostrich eggs is a practice as old as the hills in Africa. Many a weary Arab, wandering over the barren, sun-scorched desert, has been solaced by the discovery of an ostrich nest containing, among a number of eggs, one or two that were fresh.

An ostrich egg weighs three and a half pounds, and is somewhat larger than a cocoanut. It contains thirty ounces of albumen, and is equal to about thirty eggs of the ordinary hen. One ostrich egg would be sufficient for a breakfast dish at a large and fashionable boarding-house. If a boiled egg be desired, half an hour must be allowed to boil it. The common method of cooking the ostrich egg in California is as an omelet. Thus prepared, it tastes like an omelet made of hens' eggs, and nobody would know, unless so informed, that it was aught else.

Ostrich eggs in California and Arizona are worth seventy-two dollars a dozen. There are not many telephone orders from the hotels to the farms for fresh eggs, at the market price. Indeed, such as are used are generally forwarded by the courtesy of the manager of some ostrich farm, the proprietor of which wishes to advertise the existence of his curious institution to the throngs of tourists who frequent the magnificent hotels of Southern California. The shells even of the ostrich eggs are worth twelve dollars a dozen, and are sold to travellers as mementoes of their visit to the Golden State. Sometimes they are decorated by pyramids, palm trees, and ostriches painted upon them, and are sold for a much higher price. Even fragments of ostrich shells are beautified in this manner, and are sold at a trifling cost to visitors. Perhaps no egg or shell in the world brings so much money to the producer as that of the domestic ostrich. In Africa the shells are made into lamps, to light up in the same old-fashioned way as the lamps of the Romans, or the religious edifices of the Arabians.—E. H. Rydall.

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What Peggy Lent.

Peggy watched Mrs. Toomey go away with a look of relief on her tired face.

'Oh, mamma,' Peggy said, 'I wish I could lend something to somebody, too!'

'Well, why not?' mamma said, cheerily.

'Truly?'

Peggy hurried to the door, but Mrs. Toomey's calico dress was just a little blur of dingy red in the distance. It was too late to call her back.

'And there isn't anybody else with seven little mites o' children and a landlord,' Peggy said, coming back into the kitchen slowly.

'Besides,' she added, as a sudden afterthought, 'I spent my ten cents—I forgot.'

Mamma smiled. She had just taken out a pan of sugar cookies and she selected two of the golden-brownest ones and tucked them, all warm and spicy, into Peggy's hands.

'Never mind, dear heart,' she said; 'there are other people to lend to besides Mrs. Toomey and plenty of other things to lend besides money. Now run out on the piazza steps and eat your cookies.'

It was cool and shady out on the front piazza, but just outside the reach of the great leafy branches of the linden tree how sunny and hot! Peggy munched her cookies and pitied the people going up and down the street. She made believe the avenue was the desert of Sahara, and it really did make a good one. There was such a wide stretch of glaring white dust to cross from curb to curb. Only, of course—Peggy laughed at the idea—of course, there wasn't a steady procession of camels going up and down the Desert of Sahara! On the avenue the cam—I mean the horses and the cars went back and forth always.

'There goes that blind music-teacher—he's going to cross the Desert o' Sa'rah,' mused Peggy, lazily. 'He always stops the longest time and listens, first. I shouldn't like to cross the Desert o' Sa'rah in the pitch dark, either—my, no!'

Out on the curbstone the blind man waited and listened. His face was turned towards Peggy, sidewise, and it looked anxious and uncertain. There were so many wheels rumbling by! The hot sun shone down on his head pitilessly.

'He's going to give Tilly Simmons a music les—'

But Peggy never finished that word. A sudden wave of pity swept over her. The next moment the blind man on the corner felt a little cool hand slip into his and a shy voice was saying something in his ear.

'It's me—I'm Peggy,' it said. 'I'll lead you 'cross the Desert o' Sa'rah, just as soon as that 'lectric car goes by—there, now!'

Together they crossed the wide, hot avenue in a whirl of dust. Peggy's bare yellow head caught the sunlight like a nugget of gold. Her earnest, care-stricken face was red and moist. On the further curbing she slipped away and ran across again, back to the rest of her cooky on the piazza steps. By and by she remembered the return trip the blind man must take.

'I'm going back there and wait for him, so's not to miss him,' she decided, promptly, and away she flew.

But it was hot—my!—on the other side of the avenue! There was no linden tree over there and Peggy thought it wouldn't be polite to sit on other people's doorsteps.

'Tillie Simmons takes pretty long music

lessons,' she thought, with definite sympathy for Tillie and a general compassion for everybody else who had to wait around on sunny avenues without a hat on.

The return trip across the Desert of Sahara was made safely and the blind man plodded his careful way home with a happy spot in his heart. And Peggy—Peggy went home with a glad spot, too. She had never thought to be glad for her eyes before.

Mamma opened the window and beckoned to Peggy. 'Well, was it as nice as you thought, dear?' she said, smilingly.

'What?—was what as nice, mamma?' asked puzzled Peggy.

'Lending things to people.'

'Why—why, I haven't lended a single thing to anybody, mamma!'

'No, not a single thing—two things, my dear. I think you must have enjoyed it very much.'

Peggy looked decidedly astonished. What in the world had she lent to anybody? Two things, mamma said—mamma said such funny things.

'Oh!' cried Peggy, suddenly, laughing up at mamma. Then her face sobered and grew gentle.

'Yes—oh, yes, I liked it, mamma,' she said.—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in 'Pittsburg Christian Advocate.'

Robert's Mistake

'Ting, ting, ting!'

The little bell sounded, giving notice of the closing of the reading room for the afternoon. Twilight was settling down, and already the little stir of preparation for departure had begun.

Robert Vance gave a little grunt of dissatisfaction, making no move to close the book in which he had been absorbed.

'What's the trouble?' asked the boy next him.

'I want just half an hour longer to get these notes.'

'Can't you come to-night?'

'No; I'm going away for the week's vacation, and I have something else to do.'

'Then you will have to wait for it.'

'When I am so anxious to get these facts for my next essay. It will be too late when I come back. I could do it in half an hour. But I can't come away down here again for it.'

The reading room, belonging to the Lincoln School, was well furnished with all books, maps, and works of reference. It was bright and cheery, in every way fitted to attract young readers and students. It was conducted on a liberal plan, which placed its privileges at the disposal of any responsible person desirous of seeking them. Even the small tots were not overlooked, a selection of bound juveniles being always ready for their delighted examination.

In the little confusion attendant upon the dismissal, a new thought came to Robert.

'I don't see why I might not just take this book home with me on the sly,' he said to himself. 'Then I can slip in in the morning before I go and get it into its place before anybody knows. I don't see what harm it would be.'

That he was conscious of some harm attending his action was shown by the care with which he guarded against even one of his boy friends seeing what he was about as he buttoned the book, a number of an encyclopedia bound in small sized volumes for the greater convenience, inside the breast of his overcoat.

The half hour with the book in the evening finished his use of it, and he laid it carefully in a drawer in his room until the time came for returning it in the morning.

But, as many of us have experienced, the morning of a journey away from home leaves little opportunity for small errands. Every hour, every moment, was more than filled, and it was not until the last fifteen minutes that Robert rushed to his room for final preparation.

'There's that book!' It stared him in the face, checking for a moment his hurried movements. 'Well, I simply can't return it. It is just as safe here as it would be on the shelf. It must lie here until I come back.'

But the remembrance of the hidden book, the consciousness of broken rules, of benefits abused, cast a slight shadow over all the pleasures of his visit.

Arriving home, he soon made ready to return the book. Of course, no one had disturbed it. No; as he opened the drawer its respectable leathern back appeared exactly where he had left it. He hastily took it out.

'Oh, my!'

He stood aghast at the sight of the front edges of the book, then jerked out the drawer.

Yes, there it was—the cause of the mischief—mischief too dire for any help or repair.

Not long before, coming home from some boy's frolic, he had emptied into the drawer the contents of his pockets, consisting of bits of candy and peanuts. Mice had been attracted by them, and the small destroyers had not remained content with the goodies, but had feasted on the marbled edges of the book, and had also pulled out whole pages. Robert gazed at it in despair.

'It is ruined, completely ruined!'

How his heart sank as he again closed the drawer on the ruin.

'Of course I shall tell of it,' he communed with himself, as he walked to school, 'and, of course, I must pay for it. But there's no great hurry about it. There are plenty of such things in the library.'

'Any time is no time,' goes the proverb. Robert's time for telling of the mischief for which he was responsible was further and further postponed. As time went on, he became more ashamed of his action, more reluctant to own it. Tricky, sly, underhand—there were a number of bad-sounding names which might be applied, and justly, he confessed to himself, to his action.

'What's become of Jimmy McCoy?' Robert asked one of his schoolmates some few weeks later. 'I thought he liked so much to come here?'

'So he did; but I've heard there's been a great rumpus about Jimmy. You know he works for Reed Brothers, and one of them became responsible for him, so he could come to the reading room nights. There's a book gone and the librarian said Jimmy had one of the set one evening, and she thinks it was that one. Mr. Reed had to pay for it, and like as not Jim's lost his situation though I don't know.'

Robert stood still as the other turned away, feeling as if he had received a very heavy blow. 'No harm'—only a little thing done on the sly, but it was working disaster to an innocent boy, to whom life had shown its hard side.

'There's only one thing to be done now. If I've been a sneak—that's an ugly word, but it's one that fits me—before, I'll do things like a man now. But how much worse it is than if I had owned it at once.'

Setting things right involved the going to the librarian with his pitiful story, to be referred to the trustees. Then the interview with Mr. Reed, when he was glad to find that Jimmy, cleared of the accusation against him, would be reinstated in his place and his library privileges.

But here poor Robert received another blow, coming within the discussion of the book for which Mr. Reed had paid.

'It was for the set, you know. You can't get such a book singly. It was thirty-five dollars.'

'You will—please give me a little time on it?' asked Robert, in as steady a tone as he could command.

'Certainly, all you want,' was the reponse—a great relief to the boy, who dreaded the thought of burdening his father. 'And then, you know, you will have the broken set for yourself.'

'I don't know that I should ever be able to bear the sight of it.'

'I wouldn't feel that way about it, my boy,' said the other kindly. 'It will be a useful thing to have. And if the sight of it should be a continual reminder that any shading off of a high tone of honor is an unsafe thing for a boy or man, it will have an added value to you.'—'Sabbath-School Visitor.'

Dolly Upham's Dinner

(Margaret E. Sangster, in 'The Christian Intelligencer.')

'Mother!'

'Well, Dolly?'

'If you don't mind, I'd like to invite the Redfields to dinner.'

'To dinner, Dolly? Wouldn't you better ask them to tea? Father and Joe cannot stop their work at this season to dress up for dinner in the middle of the day. We can have a nice tea without much trouble—cold tongue, hot biscuits, two kinds of cake and sliced peaches with cream.'

'Oh, mother, that's so countrified. And the Redfields are city people. I don't want them to think we don't know how to do things properly. Why can't we have a regular dinner?' she went on, talking very fast as she discerned a protest in her mother's face, at seven o'clock, with soup, and roast, and salad and dessert. That's very simple, mother.' Dolly fixed pleading eyes on Mrs. Upham, who paused and hung her dish-towel on the rack. The one rough-handed maid of all work was scouring the pantry floor. With accustomed freedom she put in her word at this juncture.

'You haven't got dishes enough, Miss Dolly, and I couldn't manage to cook and wait on such a dinner at seven o'clock at night! Bed-time!' She laughed scornfully and proceeded with her scrubbing. A smell of soft soap pervaded the air. Dol-

ly did not answer her, but, still addressing her mother, said:

'We could engage Susy Peace for half a day and she could wait on the table.'

'I doubt its being a success, Dolly,' said Mrs. Upham. 'We are a plain family, used to plain ways, and the Redfields are quite aware that in this village it is not customary for any one to dine later than one o'clock. Even Judge Holcomb's folks invite friends to tea. But you may try it. And I'll help you all I can.'

Dolly sat down and wrote a little note asking Mr. and Mrs. Redfield, Amy Redfield, and Jessie Connor, the young lady who was staying with the Redfields, to dine with them at Roseholme Cottage at seven o'clock on Thursday. This was Tuesday.

'Roseholme Cottage! How droll!' said Mrs. Redfield, when she read the invitation. 'Sally Upham used to be a sensible woman! What has come over her?'

'A daughter who has been away at school so long that she has forgotten common sense has come over her, I fancy,' said Mr. Redfield. 'It's queer their having dinner so late. I can't imagine Deacon Upham eating dinner any time except in the middle of the day.'

'That's Dolly, too, no doubt. Amy, write a note, accepting the invitation, and send it right over.'

Thursday arrived. Mr. Upham and Joe, after the usual good-humored manner of American men, had grumbled a little at what they called foolish airs, but had consented to please Dolly, and at quarter to seven, after a hard day's work out of doors, they were shaved and dressed in their Sunday best, awaiting their dinner and their dinner guests. Mrs. Upham had on her best black silk waist and a long-treasured grenadine shirt, and Dolly was in a white frock, as befitted her years. A girl in her twenties always looks well in white muslin. The table was set in the best room. Ordinarily the Uphams used one side of their great old-fashioned kitchen for meals, a screen hiding the range and dividing one part off into a pleasant dining-room. Dolly had coaxed a good while before her mother was persuaded to let her friends actually eat in the parlor.

'Where are they to sit till dinner is all ready?' she asked.

'In the library, of course.'

The library, as Dolly had christened a little snuggery where her father kept a desk and a book case, was a somewhat narrow apartment for so many persons, but it managed to hold them till dinner was announced, as Joe Upham thoughtfully asked the girls out into the garden to see the hollyhocks, and Mr. Upham escorted Mr. Redfield to the new barn which was the pride of his heart.

When dinner was announced and all were seated, the long table adorned with Mrs. Upham's precious blue china and shining silver was very attractive. Susy Peace had been drilled carefully in the passing of the soup, yet she made two or three blunders, which Dolly saw with a quaking fear lest they were prophetic of more. They were. When the soup was removed, Susy Peace charged upon the table as if she had been the leader of a forlorn hope. She fairly snatched away the plates. She piled one upon another. She seized the little bread and butter plates that were meant to remain and bore them clattering to the kitchen, whence came sounds of voluble contention as Norah informed her that they must at once go back.

All through dinner the mistakes and errors were repeated, but this would have mattered very little, had the fashion of the service only been quiet. It was not. The dinner was something like a field of battle, and the only redeeming feature it had was the absolutely placid demeanor of Mrs. Upham who did not fuss or fret or fume, but sat at the head of her table with benignant composure. Mrs. Redfield, observed her unruffled countenance, inwardly admired her old friend's poise and self-control. Not even when there came from the neighboring kitchen an ominous crash of breaking glass did Mrs. Upham so much as move a muscle.

The food was good, but it was quite evident that the plates were being washed between the courses. When the broiled chicken was removed, Susy Peace triumphantly marched in and deposited finger-bowls at every place, and while Dolly's cheeks crimsoned like peonies, Joe used his, and his father and Mr. Redfield followed his example. Finger-bowls were an innovation in the household, and Joseph honestly supposed that they were a convenience necessary after broiled chicken.

Susy Peace was a slow-witted and stubborn girl, who did as she chose, and Dolly's looks and winks and murmured directions passed her idly by. When the dinner was over, and the guests had gone home, Dolly came to her mother with quivering lips and wet eyes.

'Mother, it was a series of catastrophes from beginning to end.'

'Oh, no. I am sure our friends enjoyed themselves, daughter.'

'But how humiliating it was. So much noise and clatter, and bread passed and pressed on guests, and things managed all awry. I never saw such confusion. It was horrid. I don't want to look at Amy Redfield for six months.'

'Dolly,' said Joe, solemnly, by way of comfort, 'why disturb yourself? In the light of eternity what difference will this make?'

'Oh, Joe, go along to bed. Do. We are living in the light of time, and I've been a silly girl, wiser than my mother, and now I'm paid.'

'Dear,' said the mother, 'think no more about it. I knew you would see after a while that for simple people simple ways are best, and that the whole art of entertaining is wrapped up in doing whatever we can for our friends, in the most unostentatious way possible.'

Dolly Upham never forgot this fact. The lessons one learns in the school of experience sink deep into the memory.

In order to present the best appearance when guests are in one's house, one really should not try experiments. Better a dinner of herbs with the service one is used to, than a dinner of courses, with an untrained Susy Peace to cavort through it at her will.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Daph's next stop was at a tin-man's. Two wash-basins, such as she had seen on board ship, three shining tin cups, three pewter plates and spoons, one strong knife, and a capacious saucepan, completed the purchases which she promptly made. Drawing a gold piece from the captain's purse, she laid it calmly down on the counter; then gathered up the various articles selected. The tinker eyed her a little suspiciously, but there was no look of shame or guilt in her frank, honest face. He concluded she was a servant who was purchasing articles for a friend who was going on a sea-voyage, so he did the articles up for her, and she went on her way. She next went to an ironmonger's, where she bought a small stove, with kettles, pots, and pans to match. She paid for them. She did not know the name or number of the red house with the blue shutters, but had the articles packed up and got on the express waggon, and had a ride on the way back, and a most welcome one it was, too. When she came to the cabinet-maker's shop, she found everything ready for her. He had got ready, not only the beds, but had furnished them with nice mattresses, sheets, coverlets, and everything to make the children comfortable all the year through in that place. All these things she had put into the waggon, and drove home as happy as an eastern queen.

Then came the work of putting up the furniture, in which she was assisted by the express-man and little girl who had first met her at the door. It was wonderful to see the facility with which Daph would carry her loads, with all the ease of a giant. But the work progressed rapidly, the children gazing at everything with wide-open mouths and eyes, and soon the room was furnished to Daph's complete satisfaction. She arranged and re-arranged the furniture over and over again. First, put the bed in one corner, then in another. The chairs she would have together and then separate, while she never could be satisfied about the table. She at last was satisfied and stopped her labors.

'Daph know de great Lord would take care of us!' she murmured, as she looked round on the room that seemed to her so comfortable; and true, fervent gratitude, undisturbed by one fear for the future, filled the heart of the faithful negress.

CHAPTER VI.

CLOUDS.

Alas for Daph! She was soon to find life was not all sunshine in her northern home. The lovely May weather, which had been like a pleasant welcome to the strangers, suddenly vanished, and was succeeded by dark clouds, pouring rain, and keen easterly winds. Daph was glad to keep the children wrapped in the bed-clothes, while she racked her ingenuity to find means of amusing them. Charlie took a wash-basin for a drum, and the pewter spoon with which he beat it was a constant and patient sufferer. Louise was not so easily pleased; she began to miss her mother sorely, and tried poor Daph, by pleading piteously to see her 'own dear mamma.'

Daph had tried to banish from her mind all thoughts of her master and mistress,

for the bare imagination of what they might have suffered made her wild with distress. She said to herself, 'What for Daph go to tink about tings, jus' as likely nebber was at all! Daph makes out de great Lord couldn't save massa and Miss Elize all hisself, widout Daph to help him! Foolish darkey! She better cheer up, and take care ob de children, 'stead o' just whimper, whimper, like a sick monkey.'

Daph had to go through a course of consolation, similar to the above, very frequently, to enable her to maintain her cheerfulness; but the piteous questions of the little Louise well-nigh overcame all the poor negress's philosophy.

'I'se tell you what it is, Miss Lou,' poor Daph said, desperately, at last, 'I'se jus' tell you what it is; de great Lord is a-taken care ob your mamma, and if you's a good girl, you'll jus' see her some day, and

OH, MOTHER, DON'T!

if you is not, de great Lord will nebber bring you together.'

Daph's manner, as well as her words, had some effect upon Louise, and she tried to content herself with watching the rain streaming down the window-panes; and was soon in a sufficiently cheerful mood to march up and down the room to the sound of Charlie's music, greatly to his satisfaction.

The dreary weather without was not all Daph had to contend with; she found she had an enemy within the house, whose attacks it was far more difficult to meet.

The little woman whose angry voice had attracted Daph's attention at first, kept her humble lodger familiar with its harsh tones. Daph's appearance was the signal for a volley of complaints, as to the noise made by the children, the marks left on the floor by Daph's feet, as she returned from the well, the unpleasantness of 'seeing other folks, so much at home in one's own house,' &c., &c.

Daph never had a chance to get any farther than, ''Deed Mis' Ray!' in her attempts at self-justification, for the opening of her mouth was sure to produce another tirade on the 'impudence of certain people that nobody knew anything about.'

The demure-looking little girl was generally a silent spectator of these attacks; but now and then she was forced to cry out, 'Oh, mother! don't!' which protest was generally met by a sharp box of the ear, and a, 'Take that, Mary, and learn to be quiet.' If Mary Ray had learned any lesson, it certainly was to be quiet. She rarely spoke, and her footsteps were almost as noiseless as the fall of the winter snow.

Daph soon found out that Mrs. Ray considered Mary especially guilty, in having presumed to live, when her brother, a fine healthy boy, had been snatched away by sudden disease.

The loss of her husband, and consequent poverty, had somewhat soured Mrs. Ray's temper; but her last bereavement seemed to have made her all acidity. She constantly reproached Mary for being a useless girl, always in her mother's sight, when the dear boy, on whom she had hoped to lean, had been taken from her.

Daph's keen sympathies were soon warmly enlisted for little Mary, who had really begun to believe she was quite in fault for continuing to cumber the earth, when nobody wanted her here.

Daph never passed Mary without a cheerful word, and she contrived to show the child many trifling acts of kindness, which went directly to her heart.

At one time, Daph, with her strong arm, lifted Mary's heavy pail of water; at another she took her pitcher to the milkman in a pouring rain: and one day, when she could think of no other way of showing her interest, she secretly bestowed on the little girl one of the few oranges which still remained of the store brought from the ship.

Mary's sorrowful face, Mrs. Ray's harsh voice, the penetrating chill in the air, and the monotonous life she led in the single room, made it hard for Daph to bear up cheerfully; and, but for the children, she would have withdrawn to a corner and moped all the time. She managed to keep up her spirits during the day; but when the little ones were asleep, she had her own sad wakeful hours. More than a week had passed in this dreary way. Daph saw her treasured store of money fast diminishing, under the necessary expenditure to supply the simple wants of the little establishment; and she already saw, too plainly, that the whole party must soon have a new outfit of clothing, or they would be disgraced by their rags and uncleanliness.

The children were quietly slumbering near her; she had extinguished her candle, that it might not waste its feeble light, and, with her head on her hand, she began to consider seriously the situation in which she found herself. The present was dark enough, but what was she to think of the gloomy future.

Where should she look for the work she would so willingly do? How could she leave her little charge, even if that work were found.

A sense of utter helplessness came over the poor negress, and hot tears poured down her cheeks.

A sudden thought struck her: there was one all-powerful, and to him she would go. She fell on her knees, and uttered her first simple prayer: 'Will de great Lord gib poor Daph something to do?'

(To be continued.)

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

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Edwin Landseer, The Boy Artist

('The Child's Companion').

The designer of the noble lions which guard the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square, London, was the youngest son of John Landseer, a well-known engraver.

When five years of age he drew animals correctly and powerfully. The wise father encouraged his little son's attempts, and frequently took him to Hampstead Heath to make studies of donkeys, sheep and goats.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER DRAWING THE OLD LION AT THE ZOO.

His deep sympathy with animal life was no doubt born with him. When eight years of age his sketches of animals attracted the notice and commendation of many eminent men of the day, amongst others that of Fuseli, the keeper of the Royal Academy, who familiarly called him 'his little dog boy.'

Some of his early sketches and drawings, now in the South Kensington Museum, made when he was a child of eight, show how faithfully he reproduced nature. At the age of thirteen he exhibited two paintings at the Academy. At this time he was placed under the famous painter Haydon, and, by his advice, made a study of the Elgin marbles, then placed in Burlington House, but now in the British Museum.

Young Landseer was admitted as a student to the Royal Academy when fourteen years of age, and this proved a great incentive to the industrious lad, and his progress became more rapid. His pictures were bought by many noblemen. The Queen and Prince Albert were amongst the warmest admirers of his charming paintings, and purchased many of them.

In 1826 Landseer first visited the Highlands of Scotland, and from that time the subjects of his paintings were mainly chosen from the men, animals, and landscapes of that part of the country.

But dogs were always his favorite studies. It used to be the common practice to submit young dogs to the painful operation of cropping and cutting their ears 'to make them look sharp.' Sir Edwin set himself to stop that barbarous practice, by refusing to act as umpire at dog shows where cropped dogs were exhibited; and mainly owing to his writings the public mind became convinced of its cruelty.

Once during a prosecution at a London police-court, Sir Edwin entered the court and took a seat at the table. He listened earnestly and patiently until the defending solicitor stated that 'the Queen's dogs had been cropped,' when he arose and indignantly denied the libel, and said, 'Her Majesty protests against cropping, and never had a dog's ears cropped in her life.'

He gave good evidence against the offence, and had the pleasure of hearing the magistrate condemn the practice as 'a barbarous relic of a barbarous age,' and of seeing the offender convicted.

In later life, at a meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, he said:—

'One of the proudest moments of my life was when I was once riding down Regent Street. There was a man with two little puppies, one under each arm. He looked at me and winked, and said, "Here's some nice dogs." I said, "Yes, they are not bad-looking animals." He said, "I tell you what it is—you can't match them." I said, "I see they are not cropped." He replied, "Oh, Landseer says they ought not to be cropped." I do not know how it was, but I was exceedingly flattered by this, and felt that I had done something for the cause.'

In 1850 Landseer received the honor of knighthood from Her Majesty.

He died on the 1st of October, 1873, and was buried in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Topsy's Babies.

(Jane L. Hoxie, in 'Kindergarten Review.')

'I must teach the kittens some tricks,' said Alice, one day. 'They are getting so big and plump! Don't you think they are old enough to learn to do things, mamma?'

'Well, little daughter, suppose you try teaching them,' said mamma.

So Alice went to the door and called: 'Kittens, kittens, kittens! Come, Tip! Come, Trot! Come, kittens!' Now, their real names were Tipkins and Trotkins; but Alice always called them Tip and Trot for short.

When the kittens heard their little mistress call, they came running as fast as their fat little bodies and short little legs would let them come; for 'kittens, kittens, kittens!' almost always meant, 'Here is some nice warm milk to drink.'

Alice gathered the funny little things up in her arms. They looked just exactly alike, for Tipkins had a black spot on the end of his tail, and Trotkins had a black spot on the end of his tail, too. Tipkins' eyes were blue, so were Trotkins'. Tipkins' nose was black and Trotkins' nose was black, too. Alice often wondered how their mother, Topsy, ever told them apart.

'Now,' said the little girl, 'you have grown to be such big pussies that it is time you learned to work. You must earn your dinner. What do you say to that?'

'Meow, meow!' said Tipkins. 'Meow, meow!' said Trotkins. 'Meow, meow, meow!' said Tipkins and Trotkins together. Which seemed to mean, 'That we will, little mistress; only show us how.'

Alice took a tiny bit of meat in her fingers, and let one of the kittens smell of it; then she said very slowly, 'Now, pussy, roll over.' The kitten liked the smell of the meat very much, so he said, 'Meow, meow!' but he did not know in the least what 'roll over' meant, so he did nothing. 'Roll over, kitty,' said his little mistress again, but he only said, 'Meow, meow, meow!' once more. Then Alice made pussy lie down and she gently rolled him over with her hand, saying very slowly as she did so, 'Roll over.' After this she gave him a bit of meat.

Then it was the other kitten's turn. He had no more idea than his brother what 'roll over' meant; but, Alice had said the words two or three times, she gently rolled his plump little body over, too, and then gave him the nice bit of meat also. Then she set a big saucer of milk down in front of her pets, and so ended the first lesson of Tipkins and Trotkins.

This was only the first of many lessons, however. Alice worked very patiently with the kittens every day for a whole month; and at the end of that time, both Tipkins and Trotkins knew just what she meant and would roll over every time she told them to, even though they got not a scrap of anything good to eat in return.

Tipkins seemed to think it was great fun and would sometimes roll over and over five or six times without stopping, just as Alice herself often rolled on the grass when at play. But Trotkins never seemed to like doing it and would turn round and round until he was fairly dizzy before finally lying down. Then, as he rolled over, he would give a funny meow, as much as to say, 'I don't like to; but, if I must, I will.'

Tipkins learned to ring a small call bell by striking it with one of his front paws. Trotkins could never be coaxed to touch this bell; but he would sit by when his brother rang it and cry, 'Meow, meow, meow!' Alice thought this was very funny and she said that Trot sang while Tip did the playing.

Both kittens learned to jump over a stick when their mistress held one out in her hand, about a foot from the floor; and Alice taught Tipkins to jump through a small wooden hoop, but she never could persuade Trotkins to even once try to jump through the hoop.

As Tipkins and Trotkins grew older, their mother, Topsy, taught them to hunt for mice in the big dark barn and to catch moles and grasshoppers in the field. They had less and less time, as the days went by, to play with their little mistress; and Alice found them so sleepy, when they did have time, that at last she gave up trying to teach them any new antics.

As the months passed by they grew sleek and fat. They were kittens no longer, but had grown as large and could hunt as well as Mother Topsy; and, although they learned no new tricks now, the old ones taught them by their little mistress were never forgotten by Tipkins and Trotkins.

One of God's Little Heroes.

(A True Incident.)

The patter of feet was on the stair,
As the editor turned in his sanctum chair,
And said, for weary the day had been,
'Don't let another intruder in.'

But scarce had he uttered the words before
A face peered in at the half-closed door,
And a child sobbed out, 'Sir, mother said
I should come and tell you, that Dan is dead.'

'And, pray, who is "Dan"?'—the streaming eyes
Looked questioning up, with a strange surprise;
'Not know him? Why, sir, all day he sold
The papers you print, through wet and cold.

'The newsboys say that they could not tell
The reason his stock went off so well.
I knew! With his voice so sweet and low,
Could anyone bear to say him 'No'?

'And the money he made, whatever it be,
He carried straight home to mother and me.
No matter about his rags, he said,
If only he kept us clothed and fed.

'And he did it, sir, trudging through rain and cold;
Nor stopped till the last of his sheets was sold;
But he's dead! he's dead! and we miss him so!
And mother—she thought you might like to know.'

In the paper, next morning, as 'leader,' ran
A paragraph thus: 'The newsboy Dan,
One of God's little heroes, who
Did nobly the duty he had to do—
For mother and sister earning bread,
By patient endurance and toil—is dead.'

—Margaret J. Preston, in 'Waif.'

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'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

LESSON V.—JAN. 31.

Jesus Calls Four Disciples

Luke v., 1-11.

Golden Text.

If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed. John viii., 31.

Home Readings.

Monday, Jan. 25.—Luke v., 1-11.
Tuesday, Jan. 26.—John i., 35-42.
Wednesday, Jan. 27.—John ii., 1-12.
Thursday, Jan. 28.—Luke v., 27-35.
Friday, Jan. 29.—Matt. x., 1-15.
Saturday, Jan. 30.—John xxi., 1-14.
Sunday, Jan. 31.—John xxi., 15-25.

1. And it came to pass, that, as the people pressed upon him to hear the word of God, he stood by the lake of Gennesaret,
2. And saw two ships standing by the lake: but the fishermen were gone out of them, and were washing their nets.
3. And he entered into one of the ships, which was Simon's, and prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land. And he sat down, and taught the people out of the ship.
4. Now when he had left speaking, he said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught.
5. And Simon answering said unto him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net.
6. And when they had this done, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes; and their net brake.
7. And they beckoned unto their partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the ships, so that they began to sink.
8. When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord.
9. For he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes which they had taken.
10. And so was also James, and John, the sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men.
11. And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed him.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

After his rejection at Nazareth Jesus went to Capernaum, a city on the Sea of Galilee, and there 'taught them on the Sabbath days.' After teaching and working miracles for a time he left and went into other parts of Galilee. In this lesson we find Christ again upon the shores of the Lake of Gennesaret, that is, the Sea of Galilee. This body of fresh water, so closely associated with the life of Christ, was in the time of our lesson, a noted summer resort, and a centre of active life.

It was, then, a favorable region in which to preach the Gospel, not only because of the population it contained, but because a place of this character would naturally have many who were constantly coming and going, so that the reports of Christ's work and ministry would be rapidly spread.

Christ had now been engaged in his public ministry over a year, and we find him beginning to call his disciples that they might be trained to carry on his work. In this lesson we have the account of the calling of four of them. In order to include the four disciples whom Christ called at this time, the parallel passages, Matthew iv., 18-22, and Mark i., 16-20, must be read. Whose name does Luke omit?

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verse 1. 'As the people pressed upon him to hear the word of God,' etc. Notice that the purpose was to hear the Word. There may be an impression in some minds that people thronged about Christ solely to be helped and entertained by his miracles, but it must be remembered that the conditions of those times were such that they had a great hunger after the truth, and here was One who could reveal it to them.

Miracles do not have such a prominent place in the times of Christ and his apostles, as we might suppose at first sight. Their main purpose was to witness to his identity as the Son of God, the hoped for Redeemer. In the labors of the apostolic church they had a subordinate place. See I. Corinthians xii., 28.

2, 3. 'And he entered into one of the ships, which was Simon's,' etc. Christ does not demand of us great outward and material preparation for service. He uses the means we have, if we are willing. He found Simon's boat lying idle for the time, as the fishermen were through with it for a few hours at any rate. His object was to get a little way from the shore, so that he might be free from the thronging of the crowd, and so could address them more at ease, and perhaps be better heard. So Christ, the Lord from Heaven, turns a common fishing boat into a pulpit, from which to speak to men. We refuse him better means than that every day, yet what would we have thought had Peter refused this service?

4-7. 'Launch out into the deep,' etc. The words to the crowd upon shore being over, Christ now turns to the everyday work of these humble men whose boat he had been using, and commands them to go out into deep water, where fish were to be had, and let down their nets. Simon Peter answered—it was like Peter to have some answer ready—'Master we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net.'

The night, apparently, was the approved time for fishing, yet Christ calls upon them to try it now, in the day time, after a night of failure. Peter's answer seems to be an answer of faith. He shows how fruitless has been their work of the night before, but he knows it is no common man giving uncertain advice. Possibly he remembers the time the wine failed at Cana, and what then occurred. See John ii., 1-11.

A great draft of fishes, so many as to threaten both net and boats, followed their obedience. James and John, the partners of Peter and his companions, were hastily summoned with their other boat, and so all were together when Jesus further addressed them.

8-10. 'When Simon Peter saw it,' etc. Peter may have been an impulsive, rash man, but he was honest and humble as well. He realizes very keenly his unworthiness now that he perceives that he is in the divine presence. Farrar says concerning Peter's words, 'It was the cry of self-loathing which had already realized something nobler. It was the first impulse of fear and amazement, before they had time to grow into adoration and love. St. Peter did not mean the "depart from me," he only meant—and this was known to the Searcher of hearts—"I am utterly unworthy to be near thee, yet let me stay."'

Great was the amazement of Peter and his companions over the draught of fishes, though Peter alone uttered his thoughts. James and John, partners of his in their trade of fishing, were among the little company that was to furnish a third part of the apostles.

Jesus said to Peter, 'Fear not, from henceforth thou shalt catch men.' The word to catch in the original means to take alive, as prisoners who were not to be put to death. Peter was now to become one who would win men to Christ that they might be saved through him.

11. When the fishing party reached the land, 'they forsook all, and followed him.' Their means of livelihood, their boats and nets, were forgotten in the presence of Christ and under his attractive power. There was faith shown in this act as well as love and devotion to the Master. They took it for granted that he who could provide a marvellous catch of fish would not forget the wants of his followers. Is there any passage which you can recall which bears out this idea?

Next week the lesson is 'A Sabbath at Capernaum,' Mark i., 21-34. Read also Matthew viii., 14-17, and Luke iv., 31-41.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Jan. 31.—Topic—Every Christian called to be a missionary. Luke xxiv. 44-49.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE FIRST BROTHERS.

Monday, Jan. 25.—God's word about brothers. Zech. vii., 9.

Tuesday, Jan. 26.—The brothers' offerings. Gen. iv., 1-4.

Wednesday, Jan. 27.—The angry brother. Gen. iv., 5-7.

Thursday, Jan. 28.—The wicked brother. Gen. iv., 8.

Friday, Jan. 29.—The punishment. Gen. iv., 9-16.

Saturday, Jan. 30.—Another brother. Gen. iv., 25, 26.

Sunday, Jan. 31.—Topic—The first brothers and what they teach us. Gen. iv., 3-10; Heb. xi., 4; I. John iii., 12.

Opportunity and Responsibility.

What an opportunity that is which faces every teacher. For a half hour he may speak the things that he has on his heart. If he is ever moved to inspiration this is his time. Every lesson has in it great responsibilities. The wise teacher will search for hints and helps. He will find them too in unexpected places. The study of the Word will help him. He will get a thought at the prayer meeting. The pastor will unconsciously drop a word in the course of the sermon that will prove fruitful. His association with men will bear its part. A chance hint here and one there will serve to make the whole more effective. The avenues that open to the wide awake teacher are without number.

Then there is the formal preparation. If the pastor is under obligation to study his sermons, the obligation of the teacher is even more insistent. For the preacher has two opportunities to his one. He should teach as though every lesson were his last, for was there ever a more important half-hour? In it he must make the meaning of the lesson clear. He must present it so that it will stimulate thought and inspire action. He must control those thirty minutes so as to produce the effect for which the lesson was designed. It takes love and grace and pains and patience to get out the best. But where the task is rightly appreciated and the privilege of it fairly estimated what an opportunity to do a great thing in a great way!—'Living Epistle.'

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A Temperance Song.

Eliza Cook, Litterateur.

Born, 1818. Died, 1889.

Miss Eliza Cook was the daughter of a respectable London tradesman, and a deservedly distinguished poetess and literary writer. She was the composer of a number of excellent poems and songs, some of them bearing on the domestic affections and temperance. Her heart-stirring song, 'The Old Arm Chair,' has long been a special favorite in all parts of the world.

About the year 1836 her poetry began to appear in some of the London periodicals, and in 1849 she assumed the editorship of a new literary publication, which she issued weekly under the title of 'Eliza Cook's Journal.' Her introductory preface contained an interesting account of some of her own literary experiences, and in referring to her poetical pieces she thus writes:—'The first active breath of nature that swept over my heart-strings awoke wild but earnest melodies, which I dotted down in simple notes; and when I found that others thought the tune worth learning—when I heard my strains hummed about the sacred altars of domestic firesides, and saw old men, bright women, and young children scanning my ballad strains, then was I made to think that my burning desire to pour out my soul's measure of music was given for a purpose. My young bosom throbbed with rapture, for my feelings had met with responsive echoes from honest and genuine humanity, and the glory of heaven seemed partially revealed, when I discovered that I held power over the affections of earth.'

On account of failing health, Miss Cook discontinued the issue of her journal in the year 1854, to the great regret of its readers. The following excellent song, 'Be Ye Sober,' is a valuable contribution to the cause of temperance by its gifted authoress, and it ought to be widely known and made use of for the promotion of our enterprise. There may often be as much good done by the singing of a temperance song on behalf of temperance teaching, as by the delivery of an address or the preaching of a sermon.

'Be Ye Sober.'

Air—First part only of 'Tell me Mary, How to Woo Thee.'

'Be ye sober!' if ye covet
Healthy days and peaceful nights,
Strong drink warpeth those who love it,
Into sad and fearful sights.

'Be ye sober!' cheeks grow haggard,
Eyes turn dim, and pulse-tide blood
Runs too fast, or crumbleth laggard,
When there's poison in the flood.

Shun the 'dram' that can but darken,
When its vapor gleam has fled,
Reason says, and ye must harken,
'Lessened drink brings double bread.'

Though your rulers may neglect ye,
'Be ye sober!' in your strength!
And they must, and shall respect ye,
And the light shall dawn at length.

But let none cry out for freedom,
With a loud and feverish breath;
While they let a foul cup lead them
To the slavery of death.

—'League Journal.'

Beer Drinkers Most Dangerous Surgical Subjects

('New Voice.')

Dr. S. S. Thorn, a physician of an experience embracing a period of service in the army, as well as some twenty years' practice in Toledo, said:

'Adulterants are not the important thing in my estimation; it is the beer itself. It stupefies and retards his intellection, because it is a narcotic, and cumulative in its effects. Every man who drinks beer in any quantity soon begins to load himself with soft, unhealthy fat. This is bad, because it is the result of interference with the natural elimination of deleterious substances. No man, no matter what his constitution, can go on long with his system full of the morbid and dead matter which the kidneys and liver are intended to work off. If you could drop into a little circle of doctors, when they are having a quiet, professional chat over matters and people in the range of their experience, you would hear enough in a few minutes to terrify you as to the work of beer.

'One will say, "What's become of So-and-So? Haven't seen him around lately." "Oh, he's dead." "Dead! What was the matter?" "Beer," Another will say, "I've just come from Blank's. I'm afraid it's about my last call on him, poor fellow." "What's the trouble?" "Oh, he's been a regular beer drinker for years." A third will remark how —— has just gone out like a candle in a draft of wind. "Beer" is the reason given. And so on, until the half dozen physicians have mentioned perhaps fifty recent cases where apparently strong, hearty men, at a time of life when they should be in their prime, have suddenly dropped into the grave.

'To say they are habitual beer drinkers is a sufficient explanation to any physician.

'The life-insurance companies make a business of estimating men's lives, and can only make money by making correct estimates of whatever influences life.

'Here is the table that they use in calculating how long a normal, healthy man will probably live after a given age:

Age	Expectation.
20 years	41.5 years
30 years	34.4 years
40 years	28.3 years
50 years	20.2 years
60 years	13.8 years
65 years	11 years

'Now, they expect that a man otherwise healthy, who is addicted to beer drinking, will have his life shortened from 40 to 60 percent. For instance, if he is 20 years old and does not drink beer he may reasonably expect to reach the age of 61. If he is a beer drinker, he will probably not live to be over 35, and so on. If he is 30 years old when he begins to drink beer, he will probably drop off somewhere between 40 and 45, instead of living to 64, as he should. There is no sentiment, prejudice, or assertion about these figures. They are simply cold-blooded business facts, derived from experience, and the companies invest their money upon them just the same as a man pays so many dollars for so many feet of ground or bushels of wheat.

'"Beer drinkers are absolutely the most dangerous class of subjects that a surgeon can operate upon." Every surgeon dreads to have anything to do with them. They do not recover from the simplest hurts without a great deal of trouble and danger.

'Insignificant scratches and cuts are liable to develop a long train of dangerous troubles. The choking up of the sewers and absorbents of the body brings about blood poisoning and malignant running sores, and sometimes delirium tremens results from a small hurt. It is very dangerous for a beer drinker to even cut his finger. No wound ever heals by "first intention", as it does upon a healthy man, but takes a long course of suppuration, sometimes with very offensive discharges, and all sorts of complications are liable. All surgeons hesitate to perform operations on a beer drinker that they would undertake with the greatest confidence on anyone else. I have told you the frozen truth—cold, calm, scientific facts, such as the profession everywhere recognizes as absolute truths. I do not regard beer drinking as safe for anyone. It is a dangerous, aggressive evil that no one can tamper with with any safety to himself. There is only one safe course, and that is to let it alone entirely.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Jan. 9, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

'Our Error, Sir'—'Punch,' London.
Canada's Missing Province—The 'Sun,' New York.
Is Hudson Bay a Closed Sea?—The New York 'Times.'
The Chicago Horror—A Preventable Disaster—American Papers.
Time for American Industry to Take Notice—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Winston Churchill's Criticism of the Tariff Commission—The 'Standard,' London.
In Defence of the Tariff Commission—The 'Times,' London.
Pity for Mr. Chamberlain's Commission—The 'Evening Post,' New York.
Chamberlain's Press Support—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The Ethics of Commerce—J. B., in the 'Christian World' London.
Ivan Tzontcheff, the Macedonian Garibaldi—By A. G. Hales, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Interview with General Tzontcheff—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Japan and Russia—The 'Nation,' New York.
Russia Against the World—The 'Tribune,' New York.
Stead's New Paper—From Those Behind the Scenes—The New York 'Evening Post.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

When a Monument is Not a Monument—The 'Pall Mall Gazette,' London.
A Droll Account of Jimmy'—The 'Illustrated London News.'
Art in Furnishing—Color in Decoration—By Mrs George Fredde, in the 'Onlooker,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Long Night—Poem, by Katharine Alison Brock, in the 'Sunday Magazine.'
'What I Do Thou Knowest Not Now'—Poem, by Christian Burke.
The Milton MS—Exactly what the Much Advertised Treasure is—Condensed from the 'Times,' London.
What a Child Wants—By H. Belloc, in the 'Speaker,' London.
Teddy—By F. C., in the 'Westminster Budget.'
How Browning Wrote a Poem—The New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
The Life of Gladstone—By Canon H. S. Holland, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Education and Religion—By Arthur T. Hadley, LL.D., President of Yale University, in the 'Independent,' New York.
Photophone Telegraphy—The 'Sun,' New York.
Water in a Natural Bowl—The Minneapolis 'Journal.'
A Monumental Structure—The 'Scientific American,' New York.
A Sail Shaped like an Umbrella—'Popular Mechanics,' Chicago.
Libraries to be Closed—The 'Westminster Gazette.'

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Correspondence

Letter Writers.

We are pleased to receive letters from Dollie McC., Willie A., Winnifred M. C., Mildred Wright, J. M. McL., D. M. C., D. L. McE., Marguerite Hunt, N. Thompson, Jessie L. Stewart, C. E. M., C. W.B., Irene Witthun, Willard C. Horton, Percy Brayman, Beatrice Thistlethwaite, S. May Wood, Nellie Cook, M. L. A., Victoria May Ching, Evelyn Ross, Jennie R., Ethel L. H., Bessie McPherson, Ausbert Ketcheson, Millie W. C., Mary Chappell, Annie L. Gordon, Abbie A. M., Emily N. H., Edwin C. Kirby, Stella M. B., Myra A. Robinson, Kenneth McD., Minnie C. S.

Freeman P.O., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We can see Lake Ontario from our house, and the bay on the other side of the beach. We can also see the swinging bridge from our house, and we can see the trains plainly enough to count the cars. We can also see Hamilton and Grimsby from our house. I am eight years old. We have had a snowstorm today. ELLA T.

St. Williams, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I received the Bagster Bible to-day that you sent me for the subscribers for the 'Northern Messenger,' and I thank you very much for it. It is a lovely premium for so little work. I think that the 'Messenger' is the best little paper printed both for old as well as young. The Bible is a lovely one, the type is very plain, and also the maps are fine. I will send you a few more subscribers after the Christmas holidays. Wishing all success to the 'Messenger,'

BERTHA S.

Cambridge, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old, my birthday being on May 13. I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss G. R., and she is a lovely teacher. On Christmas Eve we had a Christmas tree and concert for the Sunday-school, only children under thirteen years of age taking part in the concert. My teacher trained us in singing, recitations and exercises, and also in marching. It was a great success. She gave each of her little girls a lovely card. There are over a dozen of us now, and in the summer almost as many more. I got a lot of Christmas presents. The ones that I liked best were a Bible and a doll, but I liked my Bible the very best. I have no sister, but I have two brothers, Leroy and Garnet, living, and one little baby brother in heaven. Leroy goes to school with me. Wishing you all a Happy New Year, HAZEL ESSIE G.

Colebrook, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have read some nice letters, I thought I would like to write one myself. My address used to be Oconto, but I moved last spring. We have taken the 'Messenger' for a number of years, and like it very much. I have read a number of the Pansy books, and a number of Elsie books, Bessie books and 'Romance of Modern Missions,' 'Benjamin Franklin,' 'Bright Stars,' 'Eric's Good News,' and 'Little Meg's Children.' Before I moved I had a little friend named Beatrice B., Sharbot Lake, Ont. I wish she would write to the 'Messenger.' Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,

ISABEL G. (aged 10).

Queen's Co.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' My brother takes it, and we think we could not do without it. He got two new subscribers for 1904. We enjoyed the story, 'A Fight Against Odds' so much; but as the paper containing the last chapter never came, we often wondered what became of Claude. Would any of the readers kindly write and let us know? I received two nice Christmas presents, a Bible and Book of Praise combined, and a pair of skates. I think P.'s three names that were given her, instead of 'Olga,' are Lois, Hannah, Victoria. I would like her to write and tell me if I am right. MURIEL (age 10).

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl of eight years of age. I live in Winnipeg. My birthday is on February 8. I have one sister and three brothers. I like the 'Messenger' very much, and the little letters. Winnipeg is a nice place. At Christmas time I had lots of presents from mother, and sister and different friends. I have been to Sunday-school to-day, and had a beautiful Christmas lesson given by our dear Superintendent. Wishing you all a Happy New Year, ETHEL A.

Port Morien, C.B.

Dear Editor,—My birthday is on January 20, and I will be twelve years old. We subscribed for the 'Messenger' this year for the first time, and we like it very much. My sister wrote to the 'Messenger' a short time ago, and was very glad to see her letter in print. We had a Christmas closing in our school on the last day, and also a Christmas tree. We had two entertainments in our school this year, one for our church and the other for the school. On one we made twenty dollars, and on the other fifty. We belong to the Presbyterian Church. We live in a farming place a mile out of a village. We have lately formed a reading club in this place. I have three brothers and four sisters. We have two cows and a calf.

LAUCHLIN F. K. MACL.

Black Cape, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old. My birthday is April 22. I have six brothers and seven sisters, and one little sister in heaven. My oldest brother is in Montreal, and my two eldest sisters are in Vermont. My father is the Superintendent of the Sunday-school. My teacher's name is Miss C. I like her very much. This is a lovely place in summer, but it is very cold in winter. I have one grandmother living. Our Mission Band had a picnic last summer. I got two dolls at Christmas. I would like to correspond with Margaret S. McC., St. Mary's, Ont., if she would write, or any girl of my own age. Wishing you all a Happy New Year,

IDA E. C.

Hartford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have no mother to help me write, so I will write myself. My birthday is on Nov. 6. I am eight years old, and I just came home on Sunday. We have our Christmas dinner every year at home or at my uncle's. It was at my uncle's this year. Four have died out of our Christmas number,—there were fourteen altogether. BERNARD C.

Pugwash.

Dear Editor,—Pugwash is quite a large place, and has many houses, shops, etc. My sister Annie has taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and we all like it very much. I have seven sisters and two brothers. The oldest one is nineteen, and the youngest one is two years old. We have a new schoolhouse, and there are four rooms in it. My teacher's name is Miss R., and we all like her very much. I have a quarter of a mile to go to school, and the roads are very bad in the winter. We had two weeks of Christmas holidays. We had a reception in our schoolroom the last day, and all our parents went. We had a Christmas tree, singing, a doll drill, a Queen and Fairy drill, and one for the boys called the Snow Brigade. We gave the teacher some lovely presents, and we had a good time. I am thirteen years old.

MAGGIE F.

Back Bay, N.B.

Dear Editor,—In the 'Messenger' of Dec. 18, there was a letter from a girl eight years old, who lived in Erle, Que., and had three names. She wanted to know how many could find out what they were. The first was the name of the grandmother of a young man of the New Testament who knew the Scriptures from a child. He was Timothy, and his grandmother's name was Lois; second, was the name of the mother of a prophet and also a judge in Israel. Samuel was a prophet and judge, so I think it must be his mother, whose name was Hannah; third, name of the greatest English Queen. The greatest Queen was Victoria. These names put together are Lois, Hannah, Victoria. If these are right I wish she would please write through the 'Messenger' as soon as possible so as to let us know. I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly a year, and am going to take it for another year. I think it is a lovely paper. Mamma used to take it when she was a little girl, and says she remembers reading a story in it that is in it now, viz., 'Daph and Her Charges.' She thinks that Daph is lovely. She was so kind to those dear babes. Wishing the 'Messenger' and all readers a Happy New Year,

BESSIE B. Mc.

Back Bay, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old, and am in the third book. I wonder if there is any little girl has a birthday on the same day as mine, July 22? I have a doll, and she has yellow curly hair. Our teacher's name is Mr. R., and we all like him very much. I saw Santa Claus on Christmas day, and he brought me a work box. ELVA E. C.

Oxbow, Assa.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any boys' or girls' letters from Oxbow, I just thought I would try and be the first one. I enjoy reading the boys' and girls' letters in the 'Messenger.' My father is a farmer, and has farmed for a long time. We live in the valley of the Souris River, and are protected in the winter by the high banks, and in the summer it is very nice in the bluffs on our farm, where the people of Oxbow and vicinity hold picnics. We have horses, cattle, pigs, and fowl, which should be on every farm, I think. I go to school with my sister and brother. I have five sisters and three brothers, and three of my sisters are away. One is now in Medicine Hat, another is in Vancouver, and the third is in Ontario going to college. In size, Oxbow is not very large, but it is growing rapidly.

ALMA L. N. (aged 10).

South Middleton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a sister older and a brother younger than I am. We have a little black puppy, and he can speak and shake hands, and we are teaching him to roll over. My birthday comes on Aug. 31. I am twelve years of age.

ETTA B.

New Salem.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger.' I received my first paper this week. My sister and brother each took it a year, and we all like it very much. I go to school every day, and am in the fifth grade.

MINNIE C. S. (aged 11).

Biggar Ridge, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for about two years. I have four sisters and three brothers. One of my sisters is away working. I live in the country. We have a lot of cold weather here in the winter. I will be fourteen years old on Feb. 27. My father keeps the post-office. We have mail once a week. I weigh 119 pounds. My father is lumbering home this winter. I would like to correspond with some girl of my own age.

BETHSHEBA B.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date there on is Jan., 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

HOUSEHOLD.

Mrs. Bennett's Way Out.

(Dorcas Dare, in 'Zion's Herald.')

Mr. Bennett mounted his doorsteps slowly. They were thinly coated with ice, and there was no sand upon them. 'It's just like her laziness!' he muttered, as he inserted his latch-key in the door.

From the semi-darkness of the hall his wife came forward to greet him. 'I am so glad you are early,' she said. 'Can you grope your way in? I have lighted the parlor, but I couldn't reach the gas out here.'

'Where is Jane? Why did you not call her?'

'Jane left at four o'clock.'

'She left you! Why, pray?'

'The work is too hard for her.'

'Nonsense! the work for three people, in a small house like this, too much for a strong girl like Jane Peters!'

'Of course it isn't the real reason with any of them. Still, they all give it. Jane has been here three weeks. I hoped she would stay all winter. She made the sixth since October. I don't know what our neighbors think of me, I'm sure!'

'Don't worry about the neighbors. But'—in a tone of deepest concern—'where can we get another girl?'

'I don't want one for a week. We can advertise for one during that time. Some one will answer.'

'I hope so. But, my dear, you cannot do the work. You must have a girl to-morrow.'

'No, I really do not want one for a week. For, since Jane left, I've been sitting here wondering why all our girls leave us, and wondering, too, if I am a hard, exacting mistress, or if our work demands the services of two girls instead of one. And so I have decided to abandon my usual pursuits, and, for one week, do the work I expect my girls to do. In that way, perhaps, I can discover why they go.'

Mr. Bennett shook his head. 'It will do no good. You will discover nothing. It would be impossible for you to do their work with your strength. Their life has been different from yours. No, Charlotte, I would dismiss the idea.'

'We will discuss it more fully after we have eaten our supper. Jane was thoughtful enough to leave a good fire in the range. So I telephoned for some oysters, and, as soon as they come, I will cook them.'

Mr. Bennett rose and walked to the window. He stood there for a few moments; then, turning slightly, he said: 'It is very unfortunate she should go to-day. I met old Mrs. Kendall this morning, and I invited her to dine with us to-morrow. I knew you would give the lonely old soul a warm welcome, and I pitied her; but, of course, I supposed Jane would be here to cook the dinner. I'll take a car after supper and take back my invitation. She will not be offended when I tell her the strait we are in.'

'I wouldn't have you do that for the world. She will not mind what she has to eat, if only she is cordially received. And I must either cook our New Year's dinner or give it away, for, relying upon Jane, I ordered the ducks this morning, and they are on the pantry shelves now.'

'It is a nice way for you to begin the New Year!'

'I know it! Still, our housekeeping vexations are slight compared with those of many people. And after I have tried a servant's work for a week I ought to be a better mistress. Ah!' as a loud ring startled them, 'there are the oysters!'

At the close of the week Mrs. Bennett announced that she had engaged a girl. 'She is coming to-morrow afternoon,' she said. 'She gave me references, and she stayed in her last place nearly a year. If she stays with us six months, we may consider ourselves fortunate.'

'Why did she leave?' asked Mr. Bennett.

'The family left. They are going down South. They spoke well of her.'

'Time will tell. How old is she?'

'Over forty, I think; and so plain that I do not expect the kitchen given over to love-making. I am quite sure we shall like her.'

Mr. Bennett laughed. 'It doesn't seem to be a question of our liking our servants. It is the other way.'

Mrs. Bennett took a small book from her work-basket. 'I have written here some of the things which have annoyed me during this week, and some of the things we need to do for the health and comfort of our servants. Perhaps you can suggest some improvements. Shall I read my observations to you?'

'By all means.'

'You will not be offended?'

'Not a bit!'

'Well, then,' adjusting her eyeglasses, 'I began my work on New Year's Day, you know, and here is what I wrote that evening while you were taking Mrs. Kendall home. Now listen, and please do not be a bit hurt, for what you did I have done innumerable times.

Thursday night.—It has been a hard day. I cooked the dinner without assistance. I had no idea it would be so much work. I think, if I were a hired girl, I would not live with a mistress who came into the kitchen and interrupted me in my cooking, with requests that I would come and do this or that. I have continually asked my girls to leave the work on which they were engaged for something else, which, in nine cases out of ten, could have waited. I can understand to-night, after to-day's experience, that I have needlessly irritated them. George is as thoughtful as any one, I know, yet he fretted me by constantly asking questions. He arranged the dinner-table, and of course he did not know what dishes I wanted him to use. He had to ask me, but it fretted me. And I thought of the times without number I had interrupted important work. I thought, too, of last New Year's Day, when Ann Johnson lived with us. I promised her the afternoon, but I ordered so elaborate a dinner that it was nearly dark by the time her dishes were washed. I think to-night, from to-day's experience, I would say to her, "Leave all those dishes, Ann, until to-morrow morning, and I will help you about them then. You have worked hard all the morning. Leave everything now, and go for your good time." I didn't say it, and she didn't go out of the house. I am not surprised that she was cross for a week afterward. If I had it to do to-morrow, I would order a much simpler dinner.'

Mrs. Bennett paused for a moment. She looked at her husband. His face was grave. 'That was Thursday,' she said. 'Friday's cooking was light; still, I had swept the entire house, and was so tired I could not eat any lunch. I remembered that, no matter how hard Thursday's work had been, I had invariably required this sweeping. I wondered if our girls had ever found it as hard as I did. I wondered, too, why I did not divide the sweeping. I would, most assuredly, for my own health and comfort. Well, Saturday was baking day. I baked bread, pies and cake, and when I was through, I wondered if life was worth living. I roasted a piece of beef, and I prepared and cooked vegetables. I had supper at the usual time. And I thought, all that evening, of the innumerable times I had said to our girls, "You must find time somehow to scrub your floor today. It is too dirty to go over Sunday."

She stopped reading. 'George, don't you see now why girl after girl has left us?' she exclaimed.

'I told you the work would seem harder to you than to them.'

'I understand that, of course. Still, all the week, I saw that I had, unconsciously, added to the necessary work much that was not absolutely necessary; and I saw, too, that the constant interruptions hindered the work far more than I realized. The area door-bell I answered ten times one morning, and the house-bell four times. I was not tidy, but I insist that my girls shall be.'

'I confess I do not see any remedy,' said Mr. Bennett, 'unless we keep two girls.'

'No,' said Mrs. Bennett, 'we cannot keep two, and we do not need two. One can do our work, after I have learned how to direct it, and how to arrange it, and simplify it. I have felt that the fault was with our girls, but I do not feel so now. I myself must manage differently.'

'It is a matter which goes deeper than we think. Still, I do not think any girl could consider you an exacting mistress.'

'I have not been, intentionally. I have been thoughtless and selfish many times, I fear. But, George, our girls have, as a rule, worked all day. They have had Thursday afternoon and Sunday afternoon, it is true. Still, a house servant should have three or four hours every day for her mending, her reading, if she cares for reading, or for a walk. A servant needs oxygen as much as an employer.'

'Very true, my dear. And I am quite willing to eat a much simpler supper than we have now, if it will be a boon to any in our employ.'

'Thank you. I am sure of your help in any direction, I know, but I do not intend to cut off the meal you most enjoy. No, my reforms are to be among the unnecessary things, and on the line I have indicated. It will be a slow advance, but eventually, it will be progress. Well,' folding her papers, 'I have read enough for to-night, I think. I will show you to-morrow some things that ought to be done for the girl's health and comfort.'

Two years later Mrs. Kendall again sat at the dinner table of her friends.

'It is New Year's Day,' she said. 'Two years ago I dined with you. You had no girl, I remember. You cooked the dinner yourself. It tasted so good to me. But I was sure you were tired. I am glad you have a girl now. Has she been with you long?'

'Only a month,' replied Mrs. Bennett. 'Her sister was with me nearly two years. We studied housekeeping together. We tried to practise the Golden Rule in our daily duties. She left me a month ago for a home of her own.'

'She was over forty when she came to us,' added Mr. Bennett, 'and we hoped that there would be no lovers. Still, for her sake, I am glad there were. For ourselves we shall miss her. We had had a succession of girls before her appearance.'

'Yes, indeed, we shall miss her!' said Mrs. Bennett. 'She has been far more than a servant to me. She has taught me many of the secrets of cookery, and she has taught me many other things as well. She has lifted service to a higher plane than mere drudgery.'

'Yes,' thought Mr. Bennett; 'but would she have had the daily strength for the daily work if she had not had an earnest, faithful helper in my wife? If one has shown the beauty of service, has not the other shown the grace of sisterhood? Has it not been the same spirit in both?'

'It is a difficult problem to solve,' continued Mrs. Bennett. 'The work of a household is hard under the best surroundings, it seems to me. It requires strength as well as skill, and, if the maid furnishes the one, the mistress should supply the other for a time. So with my new girl, I hope in return for her physical strength to give her my knowledge. It must be both of us if we are to keep our home as it should be kept.'

'Will not that make a mere drudge of you?' asked her guest, thoughtfully.

'Not at all. My husband looks after the details of his business. He teaches his clerks how to conduct affairs. Yet the average housekeeper expects a servant to do things without assistance from her. The result is apparent to all of us. So, for my part, I mean henceforward to work on line of sisterhood, which in these two years of trial, I have found far more satisfactory than my old way of looking upon my girls as mere machines, paid to do my work. By interesting myself in them and in their

work, I hope to create a deeper interest in that work than they had known. I must help in the ways I would help a friend, if I want to make domestic service a better thing than it is now. It seems to me that, little by little, we shall rise from the drudgery to the blessedness of work.'

There was silence for a moment, and then Mr. Bennett said: 'And it seems to me as if my wife, in taking the Golden Rule for her daily text, has found the only true way out of the domestic difficulty.'

'It is Christ's way,' said their guest.

'Try a Little of my Medicine.'

Accidents are frequently happening through the strange love of dosing one's neighbors which prevails especially amongst working women. In a case which came under my personal notice, fatal results were narrowly averted. A young working man and his wife had been ailing for several days, and were suffering from the symptoms of influenza, accompanied by the usual shooting pains. A neighbor, who was the mother of a young family, entreated them to try a medicine which had done good to her children, and went out and procured a bottle which contained an admixture of laudanum. It was a medicine which, taken by drops, would have done no harm, but the husband and wife, being without directions as to quantity, divided the bottle between them. Very shortly afterwards both were overcome with symptoms of extreme drowsiness, and it was only by prompt medical intervention that the effects of the dose was completely thrown off. Even among women who are wise enough to know better the suggestion, 'Try my medicine,' is offered constantly when a friend or neighbor shows symptoms of illness.—'British Weekly.'

The Teacher's Story.

(Mrs. McVean-Adams, in 'Union Signal.')

I was teaching a country school and was 'boarding round.' One week I was in a lovely Christian home. Few children are loved as fondly as was the little boy who was the only child at that house. His father worked and sacrificed that he might be educated and have a start in life, and his mother provided good wholesome food, kept him clean and comfortable and taught him good manners.

Yet at my first meal in that home I was made heartsick by the untruths which were told to the child by both parents, without a suspicion, seemingly, that they were doing wrong. When the fond mother tied on the little boy's bib I heard her say, 'Now you must be good or God won't love you.' Lie number one. Under this awful threat the boy became nervous. He spilled a little milk.

Then it was the father's turn. 'Now the lady will go away and tell all the people that our little boy spills his milk.' Lie number two.

Presently the father said to me, 'Don't you want a boy? I will trade you this one for a hen.' Number three.

The boy sought his mother's eye anxiously, to see whether this were really meant, but she did not meet his gaze. As I could not say to him, 'Your father is not speaking the truth,' I smiled reassuringly at him. Papa went on: 'Or, I'll trade him for a pig,—he eats like a little pig. You could put him in the pen with your pigs at home.' Lie four.

The boy was slow about eating and had not finished when we left the table. Papa said, 'If you eat so much you will turn into a little pig.' Lie number five.

'You are almost fat enough to sell now. When you get fat enough to kill you could be killed, like the other little pigs.' Lie number six.

The father went out, laughing. By the shades of livid color that passed over the face of the tortured child, I knew that he had, unfortunately, seen pigs slaughtered. In his dilated, horror-stricken eyes I saw that his imagination pictured the frightful scene, and placed himself in the place of the victim. He ate no more. All the digestive fluids were turned to poison. I helped him down from his high-chair, took him in my arms, and gave him my watch to hold, while I told him about my brother's pet squirrel. But in the midst of the most engaging part of the story he looked up earnestly into my eyes and said, 'I hope when my papa does sell me I can go to you.' I told him that his father was only in fun, that papas never sold their little boys; that it was against the law.

Just then his mother came to put him to bed early so that she and I could chat together without interruption.

We visited late, and just as I entered the guest chamber the house rang with agonized screams, and I found both the parents bending over the child's bed, while he, sound asleep, with wide-open, unseeing eyes, was hoarsely screaming, 'I ain't a pig! I ain't a pig! Don't kill me!'

At last, after having water dashed to his face, he seemed to recognize his mother's voice, and clutched her with a death-like grip, which could not easily be unclasped.

Nightmare, amounting to delirium tremens, caused by untruths, indigestion, and an excited imagination! It might easily have proved fatal.

I learned, then and there, that it is not enough to earn and cook food for a child—he must be permitted to eat undisturbed. I also learned that the processes of digestion and assimilation cannot be carried on at all while the mind is controlled by fear, anger, jealousy or grief.

The Foot Bath.

There is remarkable efficacy in the hot foot bath in relieving pain and bringing about recovery. It is strange that so simple a thing should have been so uniformly forgotten. When a person comes home at night with a feeling of discomfort all over, bones aching, no appetite for supper and a general feeling of discomfort, including a headache, in nine cases out of ten there will be relief if no supper is taken except some hot drink, and the hot foot bath is used for half an hour before bedtime. The feet may be inserted in water as hot as can be borne, to which more hot water is added at regular intervals, keeping the temperature always at the utmost degree of heat that is bearable. In a little while a feeling of well-being suffuses the whole body, the blood is drawn from the aching head, which is relieved almost by magic. The perspiration starts from the pores and after a good rubdown and a change of underwear the patient is prepared for a most refreshing night's sleep and awakes in the morning feeling like a new person. Drugs are powerless to effect such prompt results without unpleasant after effects.—Ex.

Too Much Meat.

Meat-eating, according to the experts, lies at the root of three-fourths of our physical ills. One of England's greatest physicians attributes to it the alarming increase of cancer in England, and supports his theory by an able article in the 'London Lancet.' Meat-eating is one of the chief causes of the presence of uric acid in the blood, and uric acid lies at the root of cancer, gout, rheumatism and kindred ills. 'White meat' is not so bad—lamb, veal, etc.—and the white meat of game and poultry may be eaten in moderation with impunity. But no human being, except possibly a woodchopper, should eat meat three times a day—and it will require all his vigorous exercise to save him from its ill effects. If you wish to try an interesting experiment, try this one: Live for a month on fish, fruit, salad, and all kinds of cereals and vegetables. Eat meat only once a week, or do not eat it at all if you can be content without it. Eat a great many apples; drink plenty of hot water; take exercise—and it is safe to predict that never never will your head have been so clear, your nerves so steady, your physical and mental joy in living so great. —'Michigan Advocate.'

Selected Recipes

Graham Gems.—Place one pint of milk on ice until thoroughly chilled. When ready to use set iron gem pans on top of the stove to heat until hissing hot. Into the cold milk sift gradually three rather heaping cupfuls of graham flour, add one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, and beat for fifteen minutes; the batter should be smooth and full of air bubbles. Quickly grease the hot gem pans with butter, fill two-thirds full of batter and bake at once in a hot oven.

Fruit Ginger Cookies.—Cream well together one cupful of butter and one cupful of sugar; add one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one scant tablespoonful of ground ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-third of a teaspoonful of cloves and one-half of a teaspoonful of allspice. When mixed add one cupful of molasses, one-half of a cupful each of citron and raisins chopped fine and well floured and four heaping cupfuls of flour. This will make a firm dough. Knead well for five minutes, pack in a covered dish and set aside in a cool place for twenty-four hours then roll out thin, cut in cookies and bake in a moderate oven. These cookies will keep for a long time.

A bit of kitchen economy is that cold fried or scrambled eggs, which would seem to be no longer useful, may be chopped and mixed with mincemeat, to the latter's improvement. A poached egg, too, that was not needed may, if it is not at all broken, be returned to the water and boiled hard, and used to garnish or mix with a salad.

What May be Done With a Lamp Chimney.

A chimney taken from a lighted lamp is one of the best and most quickly prepared 'hot applications.' Simply slip the hot chimney into an old stocking, and apply to the pain. If steam is needed, take a damp warm cloth, and wrap around the chimney. If the heat is for a cough or for the croup, wrap in flannel rag smeared with mutton tallow and turpentine. Applied to the chest or throat, relief will be had almost at once. If your feet are cold at night, place a hot chimney to them and they will soon be warm. A lamp-chimney is especially practicable during summer months, when the fires are out, for you can light the lamp and thus have hot applications in a few minutes. Croup, colic, toothache, earache, cough, rheumatic pains and many other ills flee before the hot lamp chimney in the household.

To press short seams without using an iron, light a small kerosene lamp, regulating the blaze to keep the chimney moderately hot, then dampen the seam to be pressed. Pass the seam quickly over the spherical part of the chimney, and it will be pressed as nicely as could be done with a hot iron. Velvet ribbon, also, may be pressed in this way by dampening into the linen or satin side, then rubbing on the chimney.—'Woman's Home Companion.'

Potato Apple Dumplings.

This recipe has come down through three generations, and is a favorite wherever it goes. For a family of six, pare nearly ½ peck of good potatoes. Boil, being careful not to let them get overdone, but pour water off as soon as they break easily. Rub through a colander so they will come out dry and mealy. Add to them a lump of butter the size of a small egg, salt to taste, and one pint sifted flour. Mix up thoroughly. Flour the moulding board, and turn out to cool. Have apples ready, also a large iron pot of boiling water.

As each dumpling must be tied separately, have six or eight squares of muslin and string ready for use before beginning operations. Take a piece of dough and roll or pat it into size of a saucer. Put three or four quarters of apple in centre, and then shape the dough all around the ap-

ples, making it look round and smooth, Flour each cloth and tie up tightly. The pot must be kept boiling from start to finish, one hour. Any good cooking apple may be used, but an inferior one spoils the dumpling.

When serving them, put each cloth into cold water, and with a knife and a little dexterity they can be safely landed on a plate without breaking. This, however, does take some practice. Some prefer hard sauce, made of three parts sugar to one of butter, but with good cream and sugar, a little nutmeg or cinnamon, the dish is delicious.—'N.E. Homestead.'

When preparing evaporated apples for cooking, one often finds bits of peel or core, and even wormy spots, sticking to good sections of fruit. By having a pair of clean, sharp scissors handy, these bad parts may be quickly snipped off, and so avoid throwing away the whole piece. It is easier and handier than to use a knife.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, U. S. A. Information relating to the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

Nos. 84,472, Edward E. Pellerin, Winnipeg, Man., ironing board; 84,476, Napoleon Mathurin, Montmagny, Que., fire tongs; 84,481, Joseph Prudent Malette, Magog, Que., fire escape; 84,571, Theo. M. J. Daigle, Aldouane, N.B., sewing machine casters; 84,585, Venant Trepanier, Montreal, Que., ditching implement; 84,602, Wm. M. Little, McKellar, Ont., dust guard; 84,653, Headley V. Hillcoat, Amherst, N.S., combination ball and roller bearing.

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